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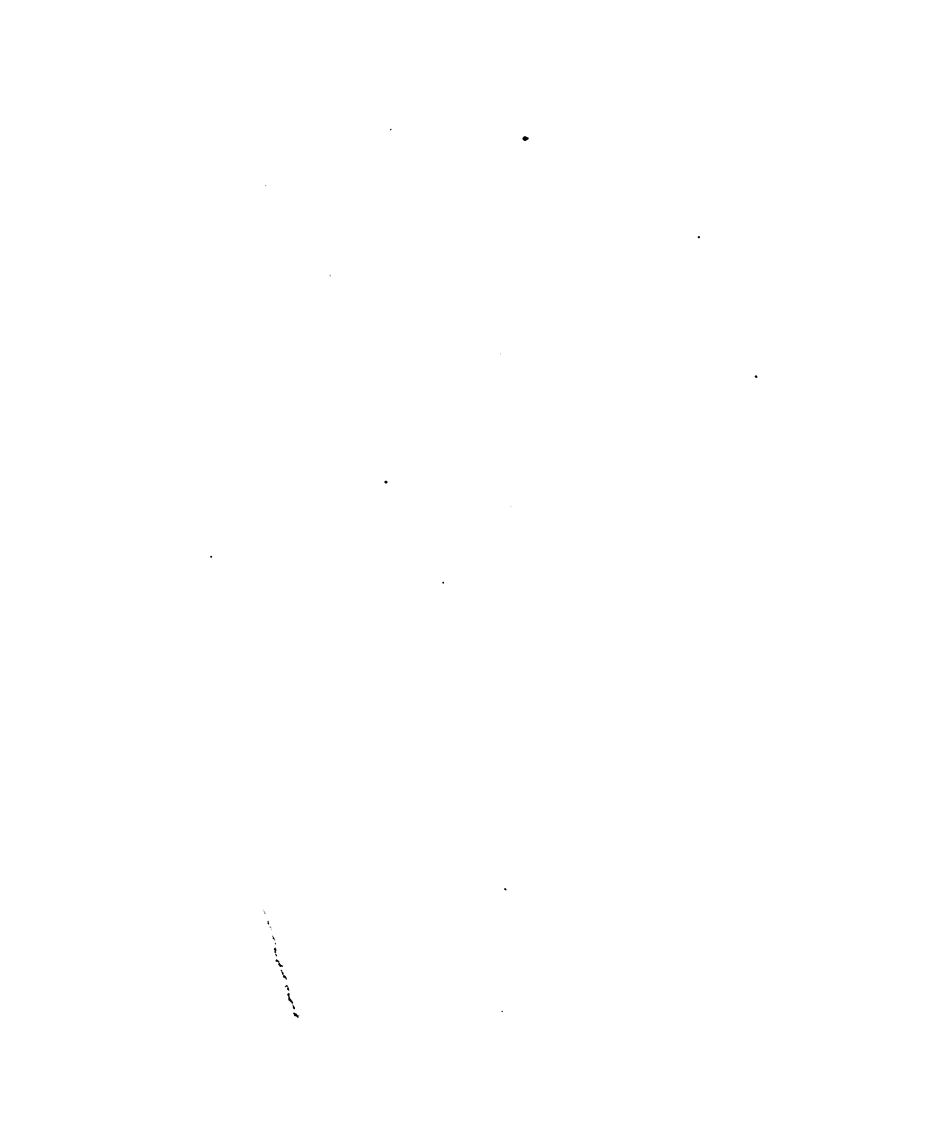
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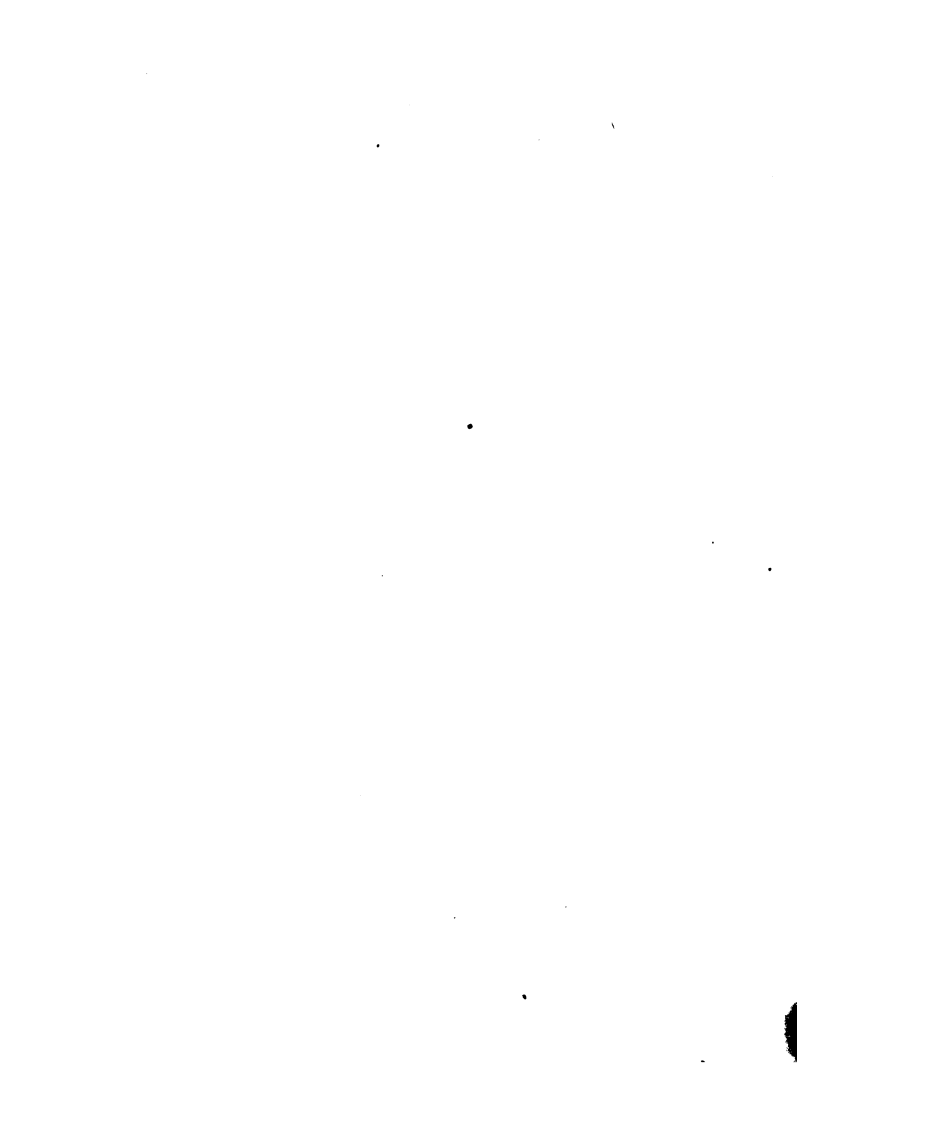
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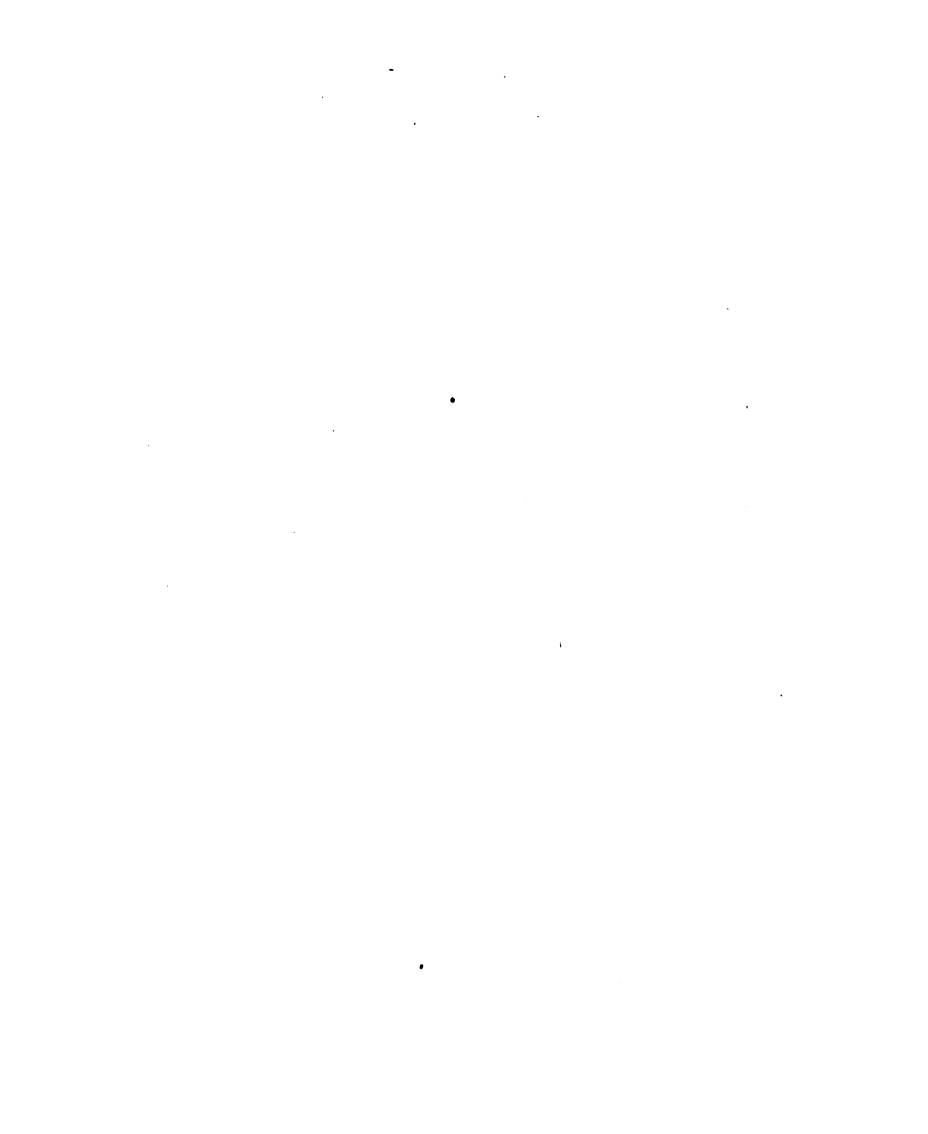


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MACBETH.

Act 3. Scene 4.

*A Room of state in the palace.—Macbeth, Lady Macbeth,
Rosse, Lenox, Ghost, etc.*

First Published by J. & J. Boydell, Shakspeare Gallery, London.

THE PLAYS OF
SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

HENRY MORLEY, LL.D.

MACBETH

WITH "HOLINSHED'S HISTORIE OF MAKBETH,"
WHICH SHAKESPEARE USED
IN WRITING THE PLAY

NEW YORK:
DOUBLEDAY & McCLURE CO.,

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INTRODUCTION.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Macbeth* was first printed among his collected plays in the folio of 1623. It was registered at the Stationers' Company on the 8th of November, 1623, as one of the plays "not formerly entered to other men."

There was a "Ballad of Macdobeth" registered on the 27th of August, 1596; and the player Thomas Kemp, in his "Nine Days' Wonder," printed in 1600, speaks of "a penny poet whose first making was the miserable stolen story of Macdoel, or Macdobeth, or Mac- somewhat, for I am sure Mac it was, though I never had the maw to see it." There may have been, therefore, an older play of small account on the same theme. Shakespeare built his story upon the record in Holinshed. That record is here appended to the play; and Holinshed based his account upon the Scottish Chronicles.

There can be no doubt that *Macbeth* was written in the reign of James I., that is to say, after March, 1603. The wearing of the crowns of England and Scotland by one sovereign dates from that month, when James VI. of Scotland became also James I. of England. *Macbeth* sees in the glass borne by the eighth king in his vision of the future line of Banquo (Act iv. scene 1) some

"That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry."

This is an obvious reference to James twice crowned and

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ruler over the three kingdoms. But in what year of the reign of James *Macbeth* was first produced there is no evidence to show. It was certainly not later than the 20th of April, 1610, when Dr. Simon Forman saw the play acted at the Globe, and described it in his "Booke of Plaies, and Notes thereof for common Pollicie" (conduct in ordinary life), of which the MS. remains among the papers of Elias Ashmole. Simon Forman was a physician and astrologer living in the parish of Lambeth. Forman's way of practice annoyed regular practitioners, and he had no license but his own until he at last succeeded in obtaining a degree in medicine from Cambridge. He was implicated with Lady Essex in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. Before the trial, he died suddenly in a boat, on the Thames, in 1611. This is Forman's way of recording what he had seen at the Globe :—

"In *Macbeth*, at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday, there was to be observed, first, how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of Scotland, riding through a wood, there stood before them three women fairies, or nymphs, and saluted Macbeth, saying three times unto him, 'Hail, Macbeth, King of Codor, for thou shalt be a king, but shalt beget no kings,' etc. Then said Banquo, 'What! all to Macbeth and nothing to me?' 'Yes,' said the nymphs, 'Hail to thee, Banquo; thou shalt beget kings, yet be no king.' And so they departed, and came to the Court of Scotland, to Duncan, King of Scots, and it was in the days of Edward the Confessor. And Duncan bade them both kindly welcome, and made Macbeth forthwith Prince of Northumberland; and sent him home to his own castle, and appointed Macbeth to provide for him, for he would sup with him the next day at night, and did so.

"And Macbeth contrived to kill Duncan, and through the persuasion of his wife did that night murder the king in his own castle, being his guest. And there were many prodigies seen that night and the day before. And when Macbeth had murdered the king, the blood on his hands could not be washed off by any means, nor from his wife's hands, which handled the bloody daggers in hiding them; by which means they became both much amazed and affronted.

"The murderer being known, Duncan's two sons fled, the one to England, the other to Wales, to save themselves: they, being fled.

were supposed guilty of the murder of their father, which was nothing so.

"Then was Macbeth crowned king, and then he for fear of Banquo, his old companion, that he should beget kings but be no king himself, he contrived the death of Banquo, and caused him to be murdered on the way that he rode. The night, being at supper with his noblemen, whom he had bid to a feast (to the which also Banquo should have come), he began to speak of noble Banquo, and to wish that he were there. And as he thus did, standing up to drink a carouse to him, the ghost of Banquo came, and sat down in his chair behind him. And he, turning about to sit down again, saw the ghost of Banquo, which fronted him, so that he fell in a great passion of fear and fury, uttering many words about his murder, by which, when they heard that Banquo was murdered, they suspected Macbeth.

"Then Macduff fled to England to the king's son, and so they raised an army and came to Scotland, and at Dunston Anyse [Dunsinane] overthrew Macbeth. In the meantime, while Macduff was in England, Macbeth slew Macduff's wife and children, and after, in the battle, Macduff slew Macbeth.

"Observe, also, how Macbeth's queen did rise in the night in her sleep, and walked, and talked and confessed all, and the Doctor noted her words."

There is nothing to show that *Macbeth* was a new play when Forman saw it; and there is no evidence of its earlier production. There is no force at all in the suggestion that Shakespeare's reference to kings with twofold balls and treble sceptres could only have been made in the beginning of James's reign; and there is very little force in Malone's suggestion that the porter's reference to equivocation in Act ii. scene 3, justifies an inference that the play was written soon after the execution of Robert Garnet, Superior of the Order of Jesuits in England, who was tried on the 28th of March, 1606, for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot, and executed on the 3rd of May. At this trial a letter of the 5th of April, 1606, says that Garnet, convicted in one instance of solemn denial of a fact which he had afterwards to admit, "fell into a large discourse defending equivocation." Enough that the play of *Macbeth* certainly was being acted in April, 1610, when

Shakespeare's age was forty-six, and that Middleton had not then written his play of *The Witch*, about which some students of *Macbeth* concern themselves unduly.

In the folio of 1623 the play is not very carefully printed, and in one or two passages the verse is damaged by an obviously wrong division of the lines.

Let us turn now to the art of the Poet who has here put soul into the substance of an ancient tale.

The main feature in the original story is the perdition of a soul through the working of the powers of evil; and the play is so shaped that it may be said even to embody a text from St. Paul. It is of "the working of Satan, with all power and signs and lying wonders, and all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish." (II. Thessalonians ii. 9, 10.)

The keynote is struck at the opening of the play with the appearance of the witches, who poetically represent the spirit of evil. Shakespeare, while using conceptions of witchcraft that were commonly accepted in his time, so little relied upon them that, to us who associate with them chiefly low ideas of an ignorant credulity, the touches of witch-talk taken from the popular belief never abate the grandeur of his poetical suggestion. His witches blend all the local colour of our home-bred superstition with imagery from the classical conception of the Fates as three weird sisters, and with the religious suggestion of a spiritual power seeking to betray the souls of men. They are sexless beings that hover in the cloud and in the darkness, and, when seen, vanish again by making themselves air.

When the play opens, Macbeth and Banquo are winning the crowning victory that saves King Duncan's throne, imperilled by the strong assaults of foreign invasion and domestic treason. Foremost in bodily valour, Macbeth especially is winning to himself the honours of the day.

After the king's sons, hitherto not of age to be declared successors, he is Duncan's nearest kinsman. In the elation of his victory he may, if his regard to the right for its own sake be weak, lie open to one temptation. These were days of a rude civilisation, when a king's son did not succeed if not of age to rule, but the successor was a brother or next kinsman able to direct in council or command in war. The same usage has been referred to in considering the plot of *Hamlet*. The eldest son of Duncan was not yet declared heir to the throne. Duncan away, Macbeth, fresh from a crowning victory, would wear the crown, by right of usage and by force of the triumphant army at his back. Opportunity less tempting has in old time led generals to seek a crown by murder of a king. The hour of Macbeth's temptation was born of his victory. The whole first act of Macbeth is planned to develop the temptation and the powers of evil are first shown waiting to strike

"When the hurley-burley's done,
When the battle's lost and won."

They prepare to meet Macbeth upon the heath, and vanish into the thunder-cloud from which they came.

"Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
Hover through the fog and filthy air."

Not only more ancient beliefs, but our old Church traditions have associated darkness with the spirits of evil. Milton, who made grand use of the Church traditions of the Fall of Lucifer, embodied that other tradition in his image of the bridge that brought the fiends after the Fall to dwell in clouds and darkness round about us, ever at hand to tempt us to our ruin. In "*Paradise Lost*" the Council of Fallen Spirits was in Hell. In "*Paradise Regained*" Satan summons his Council in the clouds. The old nursery fears of darkness, even now instilled into

some children, have their origin in old beliefs that peopled darkness with unhappy ghosts and spirits of evil. Not only in the thunder and lightning that are about the witches at the opening of the play, but in later scenes, in other ways Shakespeare has made his spirits of evil spirits of darkness.

Having opened the play thus with suggestions of its theme, in the working of Satan for temptation and destruction of a soul, Shakespeare tells the story of the battle in words of a bleeding captain who has hurried to King Duncan. His panting breath and ebbing strength are marked by the form of his sentences and changing structure of the verse. In the account given by the bleeding captain, and by Rosse and Angus, who close it with tidings of victory, Macbeth shines out as "brave Macbeth," as "valour's minion," "Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof." At the end of the play Shakespeare marks, as clearly as at the beginning, that Macbeth was physically brave. But he marks throughout as distinctly that Macbeth was morally weak. His chief desire was to stand well with the world; and to the day of this temptation all had been well with him. He had lived an honourable life in the world's eyes, because favour in the world's eyes is on the whole to be secured by living honourably, and dishonourable deeds bring worldly discredit with them. Macbeth is, in fact, a grand poetic type of a very common form of moral weakness. He does not strongly seek to do right for the love of right: but he seeks weakly to do right for love of the worldly conveniences that right-doing brings. The trader, smiling at a tattered cloak; who goes to church *regularly* in his Sunday best, and thinks out, perhaps, in *the quiet of his pew*, a new way of outwitting his rivals; *who is careful to subscribe to public charities; is prompt also in private charities that cannot fail to come to light.*

and as prompt in any private knavery for gain of wealth, if he can only feel sure that it will never be discovered, or that it is a form of dishonesty which the conventions of the world accept and which will bring respect for shrewdness as a man of business; to him Macbeth ought to speak in parable. In his own miserable way, he is the man. It is to such as he that the temptation may come, with false assurance of security, that shall drag him down, as it dragged Macbeth, to utter ruin. None but the morally weak can be so caught. He who holds by the right for its own sake is morally strong, and lapped in proof against the tempter.

Recital of the battle and the victory, blended with reference to the treason of the thane of Cawdor, ends with sentence of death on the disloyal thane and transfer of his honours to Macbeth. Then we return to the spirits of evil who await Macbeth upon the heath. Their malignity is clearly marked, and then says one :—

1 *Witch*. "Look what I have.—

2 *Witch*.

Show me, show me!

1 *Witch*. Here I have a pilot's thumb,

Wrecked as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*]

3 *Witch*. A drum! A drum!

Macbeth doth come."

Macbeth is the pilot who has saved the vessel of the State, and on his homeward way he is met by the temptation that shall wreck his life. Such poetical transitions, with subtle under-suggestion that goes to the quick of the play, are common in Shakespeare.

When Macbeth enters, it is with words that echo the last words of the witches in the opening scene, "Fair is foul, and foul is fair": "So foul and fair a day I have not seen." *He speaks only of a fair day with a black thundercloud (the storm and darkness in which the evil spirits hover) staining the expanse of blue. But his own*

fate lies in the image. It is the fairest day for him of victory and honour in the state ; it is the foul day of the temptation that will destroy his soul.

In the three greetings of the Witches, Glamis is the ancestral estate of which Macbeth had become Thane by the death of Sinel, his father. The reader's interest is heightened by his previous knowledge of Macbeth's right to be called Thane of Cawdor, which fixes the whole attention upon the temptation by power and signs pointing upward—or, rather, downward—to the winning of the crown. Dr. Johnson has a note on what he considers to be Shakespeare's oversight in the references to the Thane of Cawdor. "It appears," he says, "that Cawdor was taken prisoner, for in the same scene the king commands his present death. Yet though Cawdor was thus taken by Macbeth, in arms against his king, when Macbeth is saluted Thane of Cawdor by the Witches, he asks, How of Cawdor? The Thane of Cawdor lives, a prosperous gentleman, and in the next line considers the promises that he should be Cawdor and king as equally unlikely to be accomplished. How can Macbeth be ignorant of the state of the thane whom he has just defeated and taken prisoner, or call him a prosperous gentleman who has forfeited his title and life by open rebellion?" Editors repeat this note without pointing out that the inattention lies wholly with Johnson. It not only does not appear that Cawdor was taken prisoner in the battle, but Shakespeare is careful to show that he was not in the battle. His condemnation follows upon political suspicions and inquiries, that resulted in conviction of his secret treason, all this being affair of the court while Macbeth was in the camp. Angus refers to process closed before the battle when he says that he does not know whether Cawdor openly allied himself to the enemy, or only gave secret assistance, but he does know that "treasons capital, con-

fessed and proved, have overthrown him." This confession and proof came clearly of action by the king and his advisers, of which nothing has been heard by Macbeth, who was marching against the main army of invasion.

At the "All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter," Shakespeare marks the instant effect of the entrance of the poison by the immediate question of Macbeth's fellow general, Banquo, "Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear things that do sound so fair?" Again, as Banquo, with his frank, strong nature, turns on his own part to the Witches, he marks for us the strong working of the poison in Macbeth by reference to the

"royal hope
That he seems rapt withal."

The weak mind, like the weak body, is prompt to take a poisonous infection. Take away the Witches, the visible poetical suggestion of "the working of Satan." There remains a victorious general, who has saved the state, who has the army at his back, and is of royal blood, and there remains the moment of the entrance into his mind of the suggestion. By one act may he not break through the one bar between himself and the possession of the crown? This one crime becomes distinctly present to Macbeth's mind. When he asks his fellow general,

"Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?"

Banquo's firmer nature answers with clear insight, and with a religious comment that touches the essence of the tale as Shakespeare tells it:—

"That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes to win us to our harms

The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence."

Such is "the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish." When we enter Macbeth's mind, we find in it the image of the murder to which he is tempted,

"that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature."

Although the murder in his thought is yet only fantastical, we know it to be there when, in the next scene, he comes into Duncan's presence fresh from victory. Here again there is one of Shakespeare's poetical transitions with subtle under-suggestion that goes to the quick of the play. Duncan, speaking of Cawdor, says—

"There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face :
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust——"

And upon this enters Macbeth, with Duncan's murder in his mind ; another gentleman on whom he builds an absolute trust ; and Duncan hurries to embrace him, with a swift transition from comment upon the mask of treason, to——

"Oh worthiest cousin !
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me."

Macbeth wears his mask ; though Duncan's naming of his *eldest son* as his successor, is a bar to Macbeth's first *conception of his crime*, it cannot check him.

"The prince of Cumberland ! That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap."

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For in my way it lies.—Stars, hide your fires !
Let not light see my deep and black desires ;
The eye wink at the hand ; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see."

After this glance into the mind of Macbeth, Shakespeare shows the loving trust in which King Duncan goes to be his peerless kinsman's guest.

In the home towards which Macbeth and Duncan are now hastening, Lady Macbeth reads from one of her husband's letters his dwelling upon the promise of the weird sisters, 'Hail king that shalt be !' She is not reading all that he has written ; there is after reference to his letters, and to his having in them first broken to his wife the enterprise for the attainment of the crown by Duncan's murder. There is old love between Macbeth and his wife. She respects his courage as a soldier ; but she knows the moral weakness that is in his wish to stand fair with the world. If he had flinched from evil because it was evil, and stood firm for the right as right, she would have honoured him for that courage also, and helped to sustain it. But he desired by murder to obtain a crown, and might be withheld by a cowardice that she disdained to share. By her help he should attain his wish.

"Yet do I fear thy nature :
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great ;
Art not without ambition ; but without
The illness should attend it : what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win : Thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, 'Thus thou must do—'"

Murder thou must do—

"If thou have it ;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Thou wishest should be undone."

INTRODUCTION.

in the resolve that she will help him to attain his end, follows immediately the report of a servant that the victim will lie, even that night, ready to their hands. It follows a passage in which Lady Macbeth summons to aid those powers of evil which had come unsummoned to Macbeth.

"Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe, topfull
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
. Come to my woman's breast,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief!"

the answer Shakespeare had in mind was, I believe, a feeling of darkness about Lady Macbeth as she spoke, which coloured her thought as she continued—

"Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark
To cry 'Hold, hold!'"

that cry from heaven being not, as many actresses represent it, a wild shriek, but the still small soft voice of infinite compassion. When Macbeth enters, the first feeling of love between husband and wife are blended with reflection of the murder that is in their thoughts; irresolution in Macbeth, determined in Lady Macbeth. His life true to a man's best aims may strengthen him in the face of weakness, and sustain his honour to the end; "she be true to his aims, evil or good, a time may come when it came to Macbeth, when he is on the brink of going forward, and the loving hand that have drawn him back to safety helps him to

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"his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off."

Lady Macbeth appeals straight to what she knows to be his nature:

"Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire?"

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INTRODUCTION.

And in the following lines she reminds him that it was he who broke the enterprise to her, before his coming.

"Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both;
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you."

The next lines, "I have given suck," etc., should not, as they do often on the stage, rise to a passionate scream that would bring Duncan and all the guests out of the next room to know what is the matter with their hostess; but in the whispers between the guilty pair, these words express with quiet intensity the most absolute spirit of that resolve to hold to a purpose which she wished to put into her husband. To Macbeth's irresolute "If we should fail?" Lady Macbeth answers firmly, and displays the prospect of escape from detection which had been the one thing wanting to convince him that he may kill the good old man, his kinsman and his guest. The First Act of Macbeth, having for its whole theme the Temptation, ends with the triumph of the tempter, due entirely to the nature of the mind that flinches from evil, not because it is bad in itself, but because it has bad consequences. The last touch, closing the act with triumph of the tempter, shows that Macbeth is satisfied when he is led to believe that he will be quite safe if he kills three men instead of one.

"Will it not be received,
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done't."

Lady M. Who dares receive it other
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macbeth. I am settled; and bend up.
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.

Away, and mock the time with fairest show;
False face must hide what the false heart doth know."

The theme of the Second Act is the Murder of Duncan. The powers of evil are in the clouds that settle over Macbeth's castle. The scene opens after midnight, and the sky is starless.

"there's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out,"

says Banquo; and at the close of the Act—

"by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp."

Hell is within the castle; and when the porter, half drowned in the fumes of the feast that welcomed Duncan, crosses the courtyard to answer to the knocking from the outer world that follows close upon the secret murder, Shakespeare sustains the motive of his Second Act, by making him imagine himself porter of hell, summoned to open its gates to men of all professions "that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire."

The Act opens with Banquo an honest man, as loyal to his brother general as to his king. At Forres (Act i., sc. 4, at the close), while Macbeth had murder in his thought, Banquo was pouring praises of the valour of Macbeth into the king's ear. But Banquo has misgivings that do not lie consciously within him as suspicions of his friend. He knows of the temptation that, trusted home, might yet enkindle him to seize the crown. Banquo, with vague misgiving that he would not or could not define to his own loyal mind, is about with his son. He would watch; and yet why should he. "Take my sword," he says to his son Fleance.

—"Take thee that too

*A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep."*

Upon his words of prayer as he is about to rest follows
sound of a footstep ; at once he is up with the cry

—" Give me my sword !

Who's there ?"

It is Macbeth, to whom Banquo reports the kind acts of Duncan, presents the diamond with which the king greets Lady Macbeth as "most kind hostess," and then, in pursuance of the doubt not half acknowledged even to himself, he brings his friend straight to the ground of his misgivings

" I dreamed last night of the three weird sisters :
To you they have shewed some truth.

Macbeth.

I think not of them."

Yet his next words, proposing conference with Banquo, contradict this assumption of indifference, and Banquo's answer includes, perhaps, a glance of half-intended warning.

Macbeth. " If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Banquo.

So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counselled."

What is shown here, at the opening of the Second Act, as a misgiving, with little in it of belief, is shown at the opening of the Third Act as grown into a misgiving with little in it of doubt.

Banquo and Fleance having left him, Macbeth, who is abroad for secret murder, has next to send away his torch-bearer. By stroke on a bell Lady Macbeth has agreed to signal to her husband that her drug has worked, and that the daggers of the two grooms are laid ready for him. The time is near, the bell heard by the servant would be

noted. Macbeth, therefore, to avert suspicious after-thought, invents a reason for it,

"Go; bid thy mistress when my drink is ready
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed "

Then the overwrought imagination of the deed to be done produces vision of the air-drawn dagger, and the spirits of evil in the darkness may be supposed also to be playing with their victim. When Lady Macbeth enters, her first words indicate that she had needed the false strength of wine to force her womanhood to its hard task. "That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold," she says. A touch follows of womanly feeling, showing tender instincts blended with the cruel preparation :

" I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't."

In the whispering between the guilty pair after the murder, Lady Macbeth suppresses her own feelings that she may sustain her husband's feeblar mind. She has the Spartan nature that can hide the pain within, yet shows that she has part in the torture of thought :

" These deeds must not be thought
After these ways : so, it will make us mad.
Macbeth. Methought I heard a voice cry, ' Sleep no more !' "

And a curse fell upon the sleep of both. Upon Macbeth's eager restlessness comes in a later scene the sad comment of his wife, "You lack the season of all natures—sleep." How in her own sleep the torture of her waking hours destroyed all rest, is shown at the close, when the strong nature that, if awake, was self-contained, in sleep, free from the control of will, utters the misery within. Then, also, we find the revenge of conscience on her answer to Macbeth's

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand?" . . .
"A little water clears us of this deed."

From Macbeth the sense of his lost peace wrings at once the wish that he could recall the irrevocable hour :

"Wake Duncan with thy knocking : I would thou couldst."

Of the relation of the porter's speech to the whole spirit of this Act I have already spoken. Macbeth's answer to Lennox's "Goes the King hence to-day?" "He does," with the suggestive correction to . . . "He did appoint so," still indicates the guilty consciousness not easy to conceal. And when Macbeth re-enters from the murder of the grooms, his wild excitement finds expression in a form that speaks to the outer world only as loyalty, but is for himself the cry of his own painful thought,

"Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time!"

Lady Macbeth acts her amazement and her grief until Macbeth, hurrying on with his justification of the killing of the grooms, whom he held guilty of the murder of the king, raises again in his wife's mind the image of her father as he slept .

"Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,"

and at this point, every good actress rightly marks the transition in Lady Macbeth from a feigned concern to a real fainting. No word escapes from her, but woman's nature can endure no more.

After she has been carried out, it is Banquo whose attitude makes him, of all men, most dangerous to the *murderers*. "Fears and scruples," he says, "shake us."

*"In the great hand of God I stand; and thence
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice."*

Since the fears of Duncan's sons cause them to fly from Scotland, the guilt of having suborned the murderers is easily fastened by Macbeth on them. The Second Act, having for its theme the murder of King Duncan, ends with renewed association of supernatural darkness, with evil portents, in a short dialogue that, while carrying the narrative on to the election of Macbeth as king, indicates the readiness of a suspicion that the murderer was he who seemed to gain most by the crime.

The Third Act shows crime begetting crime. Its main theme is the murder of Banquo. Like the Second Act, it opens with Banquo, now not unconsciously distrustful :

"Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all
As the weird women promised; and, I fear,
Thou play'd'st most foully for it."

Macbeth, crowned, and his queen, hail Banquo as chief guest at their feast. While he lives they must pay all observance to him, for to them he is of all men most dangerous. But murder lurks in Macbeth's words of friendship. The men chosen to be Banquo's assassins, by whom he and Fleance are to be waylaid, wait without, and little questions, that seem aimless but are of deadly significance, are shot at intervals out of the dialogue:—"Ride you this afternoon?" "Is't far you ride?" "Goes Fleance with you?" Banquo being gone, Macbeth finds an excuse for solitude; and, being left alone, summons the murderers. His thoughts, as he does so, dwell on the dread of retribution.

"To be thus is nothing,
But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be feared."

The evil spells of the weird sisters have also poisoned his mind with the thought,

To Macbeth's feverish excitement the sad wife only replies by drawing him from his solitude to her companionship, and seeking still to soothe him into show of better cheer. He, with his eager mind fixed on the death of Banquo, craves to tell her of the murder he has planned, and yet flinches from doing so. To her

"Gentle, my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks :
Be bright and jovial among our guests to-night,"

He answers :

"So shall I, love ; and so I pray be you.
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo ;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue."

Then passes on to expression of the wretchedness that lies in flattery of men we fear. Again she answers, in weariness of despair, "You must leave this," and then comes from his tortured soul the cry—

"Oh, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife.
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live.
Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne."

Is this a note of accord with his design ? It may be but a weary commonplace of consolation ; or it may be—— ? Macbeth is half encouraged to go on :

"There's comfort yet, they are assailable.
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight. . . .
. . . there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note."

But the face and voice of his wife encourage him no more. She sees before her the man she would have aided to achievement of his wish, mad with hell torment, a ruin she has made. As if exiled from a far world of thought comes to him the listless question, "What's to be done ?" He dares not utter his mind to his wife now, breaks off with—

"Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed" . . .

and pours out anticipation of the night, when

"Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still:
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So pr'ythee, go with me."

And so they go together to the coronation feast.

To the next scene, that of the murder of Banquo, dramatic force is given by the appearance of a third murderer, whose words show that he is acquainted with the persons and the ways about the palace. He is sent in Macbeth's restless eagerness to make assurance sure; to prevent failure through the ignorance of men whom Macbeth had chosen as assassins from among the refuse of his army.

In the banquet scene Macbeth does not take his state, but, leaving his wife to preside,

"Will mingle with society,
And play the humble host."

He does this that he may be free to leave his seat among the many, move from guest to guest, and in so doing hover near the door till one shall come to tell him how the murderers have sped.

Thus he soon learns, in secret whispers by the door, of the escape of Fleance and the death of Banquo, who bides safe in a ditch

"With twenty trenched gashes on his head
The least a death to nature."

Drawn from the feast by this exchange of words, and with his mind absorbed by what he has just heard, *Lady Macbeth*, throughout watchful, recalls him to his duty as the host. But when he would sit, with false expression of desire for Banquo's presence, "the table's

full." His own seat is pointed out to him, vacant to every eye but his, and then the Ghost of Banquo faces him. In Macbeth's

"Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me,"

Lady Macbeth, who knows nothing yet of Banquo's murder, sees only the torment of the murderer of Duncan. She commands herself, retains the guests, excuses Macbeth's passion as a fit to which he has been liable from youth; then with quick warning whispers seeks to chide him into self-restraint. When the ghost reappears after a brief recovery of Macbeth's presence of mind, Lady Macbeth's fear is that he will go on to betray himself before all as the murderer of Duncan, and she hurriedly breaks up the feast:

"Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Lennox. Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty.

Lady M. A kind good night to all."

Left to themselves again, Lady Macbeth sinks into the old weariness of blank despair, while Macbeth continues to pour out his mind in wild excitement. And this excitement passes on, as the whole play now does, to preparation for the next great passage in the story, which will be the main theme of the Fourth Act, the Murder of Macduff's wife and her children.

"How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?"

Lady Macbeth answers still wearily, with voice as from afar, where her *thoughts* are upon the wreck she sees *before her of the man she loved and loves*:

"Did you send to him, sir?
Macbeth. I hear it by the way; but I will send.

There's not a one of them, but in his house
 I keep a servant feed. I will to-morrow,
 And betimes I will, to the weird sisters.
 More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know
 By the worst means the worst." . . .

As he runs on, with talk of blood, the wife's mournful comment only is,

"You lack the season of all natures—sleep."

The turning of Macbeth's mind in anger of suspicion towards Macduff having been thus prepared for, two short scenes close the Act with further touches of artistic preparation for the end. The witches' scene with Hecate, and the witches' scene at the opening of the Fourth Act, recal firmly the motive of the poem in "the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish." They do more. They prepare for the Fourth Act by distinct foreshowing of the poet's purpose in it. The tale is of the ruin of a tempted soul. Shakespeare has shown clearly what kind of soul it is that lies most open to the tempter; he has represented the swift passage from crime to crime; and now Hecate, the mistress of their charms, the close contriver of all harms, looks angrily on the weird sisters, whose temptation has not yet dragged down Macbeth to be companion of fiends. Thus far, all they have done

"Hath been but for a wayward son,
 Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
 Loves for his own ends, not for you."

Thus far, all crime has been to win and to secure some earthly gain; has had a motive with a touch in it of human reason. Macbeth has been made but a wayward son of the powers of darkness, loving evil for his own ends, not for itself; not for you, who are evil itself—

" You murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief."

For the complete perdition of the tempted soul, it must be dragged down to the lowest deep, till it do evil without hope of other gain than satisfaction of a fiendish malice. This, yet to be attained, is the triumphant close of the working of Satan. Its attainment, "with all power and signs and lying wonders," the Fourth Act is to show, where Macbeth gains no end but the satisfaction of a fiendish malice and cruelty by the murder of Lady Macduff and her children. This foreshadowing of the motive of the Fourth Act includes also preparations for the Fifth Act, which has for its theme the Retribution. Thus the five Acts are arranged with a clear poetical design in their succession :—(1) the Temptation ; (2) the Murder of Duncan ; (3) downward, as consequence of that, to the Murder of Banquo ; (4) complete ruin, in passage to the Murder of Lady Macduff and her children ; and then (5) in the last Act, the reaping of the whirlwind.

The closing scene in the Third Act between Lennox and another lord, while showing how Macbeth stands in his kingdom, is chiefly designed to prepare for what follows by telling of Macduff's escape to England to pray for aid against the tyrant,

" And this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt at war."

In the witches' scene at the opening of the Fourth Act the signs shown to Macbeth are all, as Hecate desired, such

*"As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear*

His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear ;
 And, you all know, security
 Is mortal's chiefest enemy."

At the outset it had been suggestion of security that resolved Macbeth's doubt when he first shrank from the murder of Duncan. It has been rightly observed by Upton that the apparitions shown to Macbeth by the witches mock the false hopes they awaken by being really signs of his own fall. The "armed head" that bids him "beware Macduff," figures his own head that Macduff shall strike off. The bloody child that tells him to

"Be bloody, bold, and resolute : laugh to scorn
 The power of man, for none of woman born
 Shall harm Macbeth,"

figures Macduff who shall slay him, Macduff as when

"from his mother's womb
 Untimely ripped."

The child with a crown on his head and a bough in his hand who promises that

"Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
 Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
 Shall come against him,"

"is," says Upton, "the royal Malcolm who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough and bear it before them to Dunsinane."

When the powers of evil have made sure of Macbeth as their victim, they "show his eyes and grieve his heart" with a vision of kings of the race of Banquo, dance round him in mockery, and vanish. Macbeth cries in his wrath

"Infected be the air whereon they ride,
 And damned all those that trust them."

But in the same instant he receives assurance that Macduff is fled to England, and the signs and lying wonders

have secured their end. "From this moment," Macbeth says,

"The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done :
The castle of Macduff I will surprise ;
Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line."

Then follow, set in scenes of human tenderness, the murder of the wife and children, and the bringing to Macduff at the English court the tidings that may break his heart, but nerve his arm against the murderer :—

. . . . "front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself ;
Within my sword's length set him. If he 'scape
Heaven forgive him too."

So the Fourth Act closes, and the retribution follows in the Fifth. It is shown first in Lady Macbeth's murdered sleep, where the voice over which the will has lost control utters in sleep-walking the thoughts within. "Out, damned spot," recalls the false encouragement on the night of Duncan's murder. "A little water clears us of this deed." Now this rings back from her in accents of despair. "Will these hands ne'er be clean ? . . All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand !" and we hear the long low groan of the soul in agony. In her sleep she is again in the darkness that pressed round her on the night of the murder of Duncan. Her exclamation, "Hell is murky !" recalls an unuttered thought of that night when spirits that dwell in darkness gathered over Macbeth's castle, and the place was hell. The fate of *Lady Macduff*, the murder of Banquo, press her down. *She is not guilty of them by direct consent, but as guilty of one, guilty of all. It was her hand that sealed her husband's doom. It was she who urged over the edge of*

the precipice the man she loved ; hers, therefore, the cruelty of every successive dash against the rocks, as he falls headlong down to the abyss. She has held to him and shared his misery ; she shares also the execration of his people ; but we do not know her to have been the prompter of a second crime.

In Macbeth the feverish excitement borders upon madness, as his people fall from him and he fights desperately against allied foes and subjects who besiege him in his castle of Dunsinane.

"Some say he's mad ; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury ; but for certain,
He cannot buckle his distempered course
Within the belt of rule."

His physical courage, conspicuous at the beginning of the play, is again marked firmly at the end. His excited imagination tortures him with clear sight of what he has forfeited, in words that also indicate sufficiently the lapse of years during the course of the action. Macbeth's reign is said to have extended over seventeen years, from A.D. 1040 to A.D. 1057, and Shakespeare, who by unity of design has shaped all into a single thought, does not omit to give one glance at the course of time. It is in Macbeth's sigh for the lost peace.

"My way of life
Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf,
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have."

The contrast of the lost peace with the rooted sorrow that no medicine can cure, is followed by wild restlessness, as he is being armed for the last struggle. The words are broken with impatient exclamations on the slow course of the arming, and at last he breaks im-

patiently away while there is yet armour to put on, exclaiming, "Bring it after me!"

Upon the cry of women—the cry that tells of the queen's death—follows report of a moving wood. Then despair blends with the fury, and begins to take the place of the false confidence that "signs and lying wonders" had sustained:

"I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth."

And then it is, "Arm, arm, and out." At bay, baited, and driven by despair, Macbeth leaves shelter of the castle to make one wild rush on those who hunt him down. In the open field, Macduff keeps his sword unstained. He will shed no blood but Macbeth's. And when at last Macbeth is found, and Macduff's answer to his boast that he bears a charmed life is,

"Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripped,"

Shakespeare puts into Macbeth's answer a last despairing cry, wrung from him by "the deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish."

"Accurs'd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man:
And be these juggling fiends no more believed
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope."

The play closes with suggestive contrast of two soldiers' deaths. Macbeth dies accursed; but before Macduff enters with the head of the man on whom he has avenged

the murders of his wife and children, Shakespeare represents Old Siward hearing that his son has died a soldier's death :

" He only lived but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died. . . .

Steward Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Steward. Why then God's soldier be he. "

To die well in the wars of life, and live on as God's soldier, is not the grief of death. Its grief is when the stroke falls on "the cursed head," when the enemy has trodden down the life upon the earth, and laid its honour in the dust.

H. M.

MACBETH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, <i>King of Scotland.</i>	Boy, son to Macduff.
MALCOLM, } <i>His Sons.</i>	<i>An English Doctor.</i>
DONALBAIN, }	<i>A Scotch Doctor.</i>
MACBETH, } <i>Generals of the</i>	<i>A Soldier.</i>
BANQUO, } <i>King's Army.</i>	<i>A Porter.</i>
MACDUFF, }	<i>An Old Man.</i>
LENNOX, }	LADY MACBETH.
ROSS, } <i>Noblemen of</i>	LADY MACDUFF.
MENTEITH, } <i>Scotland.</i>	<i>Gentlewoman attending on</i>
ANGUS, }	<i>Lady Macbeth.</i>
CAITHNESS, }	HECATE, and three Witches.
FLEANCE, <i>Son to Banquo.</i>	<i>Lords, Gentlemen, Officers,</i>
SIWARD, <i>Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.</i>	<i>Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.</i>
Young SIWARD, <i>his Son.</i>	<i>The Ghost of Banquo, and</i>
SEYTON, <i>an Officer attending on Macbeth.</i>	<i>other Apparitions.</i>

SCENE—In the end of the Fourth Act, in ENGLAND; through the rest of the Play, in SCOTLAND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Open Place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *Witch.* When the hurley-burley's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

3 *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath

3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin.

2 *Witch.* Paddock calls.

3 *Witch.* And

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair :

Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeun*

SCENE II.—A Camp near Forres.

Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCO DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting bleeding Captain.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity: Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful it stood,
As two spent swimmers that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonw

Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the Western Isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied,
And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Showed like a rebel's whore : but all's too weak,
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion
Carved out his passage till he faced the slave,
Which ne'er shook hands nor bade farewell to him
Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !

Cap. As whence the sun gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seemed to
come

Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland,
mark :

No sooner justice had, with valour armed,
Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With *farbished arms* and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismayed not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo !

Cap. Yes,
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks ;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe :
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorise another Golgotha,
I cannot tell—

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy
wounds ;

They smack of honour both.—Go, get him surgeons.

[*Exit Captain, attended.*]

Enter Ross.

Who comes here ?

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.

Len. What haste looks through his eyes ! So
should he look

That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king !

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane ?

Ross. From Fife, great king,

Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky

And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict ;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Ourbing his lavish spirit : and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness !

Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition ;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disburséd at Saint Colme's Inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall
deceive
Our bosom interest :—Go pronounce his present
death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath
won.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister ?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou ?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her
lap,

And mounched, and mounched, and mounched :—

‘Give me,’ quoth I :—

‘Aroint thee, witch !’ the rump-fed ronyon cries.—

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the *Tiger* ;

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other ;

And to every point they blow,

All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay :

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his penthouse lid ;

He shall live a man forbid.
Weary seven-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.—
Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum !
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about :
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace !—the charm 's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Mac. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is 't called to Forres ?—What are
these,

So withered, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on 't ? Live you, or are you aught

That man may question ! You seem to understand
me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips : you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can : what are you ?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane
of Glamis !

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane
of Cawdor !

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth ! that shalt be King
hereafter !

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to
fear

Things that do sound so fair !—I' the name of
truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show ? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope

That he seems rapt withal : to me you speak not.

If you can look into the seeds of time

And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail !

2 *Witch.* Hail !

3 *Witch.* Hail !

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be
none.

So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo !

1 *Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail !

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me
more.

By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis ;
But how of Cawdor ? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman ; and to be King
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence ? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting ? Speak, I charge
you. [*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanished ?

Macb. Into the air ; and what seemed corporal
melted

As breath into the wind.—Would they had
stayed !

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak
about,

Or have we eaten on the insane root

That takes the reason prisoner ?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. Andthane of Cawdor too ; went it not
so ?

Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's
here ?

Enter Ross and ANGUS.

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success ; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his : silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest of the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks
Nothing afeard of, what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And poured them down before him.

Ang.

We w

Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor :
In which addition, Hail, most worthy thane !
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true !

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives : why do you
dress me

In borrowed robes ?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet :
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was com-
bined

With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He laboured in his country's wreck, I know not ;
But treasons capital, confessed and proved,
Have overthrown him.—

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor :
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them ?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,

Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange :
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.—

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill ; cannot be good : if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth ? I am thane of Cawdor :
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature ? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.—

Ban. Look how our partner's rapt.—

Macb. If chance will have me King, why, chance
may crown me,
Without my stir —

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their
mould

But with the aid of use.—

Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your
leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour : my dull brain was
wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your
pains

Are registered where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanced, and at more time,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.—Forres. A Room in the Palace.
*Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
LENNOX, and Attendants.*

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet returned?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confessed his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it: he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 't were a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS.
O worthiest cousin!

*The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow*

To overtake thee : would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine : only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties : and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and ser-
vants ;

Which do but what they should by doing every-
thing

Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun.

Welcome hither :

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so ; let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban.

There if I grow,

The harvest is your own.

Dun.

My plenteous joys,

Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,

*We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest Malcolm ; whom we name hereafter*

The Prince of Cumberland : which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—Hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for
you :

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach :
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor !

Macb. [*aside.*] The Prince of Cumberland !
That is a step

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires :
Let not light see my black and deep desires :
The eye wink at the hand ; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.—

[*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo : he is full so
valiant,

And in his commendations I am fed ;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,

Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome :

It is a peerless kingman. [*Flourish. Knock.*

SCENE V.—Inverness. A room in MACBETH'S
Castle.

Enter Lady MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M. They met me in the day of success ; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor ;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail king that shalt be !' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy
nature ;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great ;
Art not without ambition : but without

The illness should attend it : what thou woul
highly,
That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false
And yet wouldst wrongly win : thou'dst have, gr
Glamis,
That which cries ' Thus thou must do, if thou ha
it ; '
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hith
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which Fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.—

Enter an Attendant.

What is your tidings ?

Att. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it.
Is not thy master with him ? who, were't so,
Would have informed for preparation.

Att. So please you, it is true : our thane
coming :

*One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.*

Lady M. Give him tending ;
He brings great news. [*Exit Attendant.*] The raven
himself is hoarse

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it ! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering minis-
ters,

Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief ! Come, thick
night,

And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, ' Hold, hold ! '

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis ! worthy Cawdor !
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter !
Thy letters have transported me beyond

This ignorant present, and I feel e'en now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,

Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence ?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never

Shall sun that morrow see.

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters ; to beguile the time,
Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue : look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under 't. He that 's coming
Must be provided for : and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch ;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.—

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear ;

To alter favour ever is to fear :—

Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—The Same. Before the Castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionary that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here ; no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procereant cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see, our honoured hostess.—
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach
you
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M.

All our service

In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house : for those of old,
And the late dignities heaped up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where 's the thane of Cawdor !
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor : but he rides well ;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp
him

To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand ;
Conduct me to mine host : we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—The Same. A Room in the Castle.
Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done when 't is done, then 't
were well

It were done quickly : if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success : that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all ; here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time :
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust :
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against

The deep damnation of his taking off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other—

Enter Lady MACBETH.

How now! what news!

Lady M. He has almost supped. Why have
you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he asked for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has!

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honoured me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? hath it slept since,
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid

'to be the same in thine own act and valour
as thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
and live a coward in thine own esteem,
setting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb.

Pr'ythee, peace.

dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M.

What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness
now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
I have done to this.

Macb.

If we should fail?

Lady M.

We fail.
It screws your courage to the sticking place,

And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenchéd natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth
know.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Inverness. Court within Macbeth's Castle.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 't is later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There 's husbandry in heaven;

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.—
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers,
Restrain in me the curséd thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword.
Who 's there?

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's
a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your officers.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut
up

In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.—
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters :
To you they have showed some truth.

Macb. I think not of them.
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when
'tis,

It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counselled.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir : the like to you.

[*Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE.*]

Macb. Go, bid my mistress, when my drink is ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me clutch thee :—

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling as to sight ? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going ;

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest : I see thee still ;

And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,

Which was not so before.—There's no such thing

It is the bloody business which informs

Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half-world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtained sleep : witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings ; and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whom howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy
pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his
design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear,
The very stones prate of my whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he
lives :

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.—

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [Exit]

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk
hath made me bold ;

What hath quenched them hath given me fire.—

Hark !—Peace !—

It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman.

Which gives the stern'st good-night.—He is about it.—

The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores : I have drugged
their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there ?—what, ho !

Lady M. Alack ! I am afraid they have awaked
And 't is not done :—the attempt and not the deed
Confounds us.—Hark !—I laid their daggers ready ;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.—My husband !

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not
hear a noise ?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the
crickets cry.

Did not you speak ?

Macb. When ?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended !

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark !

Who lies i' the second chamber ?

Lady M.

Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

Lady M. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one
cried, 'Murder !'

That they did wake each other : I stood and heard
them ;

But they did say their prayers, and addressed them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. ' There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried, 'God bless us !' and, 'Amen,'
the other,

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'

When they did say 'God bless us.'

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce
'Amen ?'

I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'

Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways : so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no
more !

Macbeth does murder sleep,—the innocent sleep :
Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast ;—

Lady M. What do you mean ?

Macb. Still it cried, 'Sleep no more !' to all the
house :

'Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more !'

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried ? Why,
worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
They must lie there : go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more :
I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose !
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures ; 't is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.—

[Exit.—Knocking within.]

Macb.

Whence is that knocking ?—

How is 't with me, when every noise appals me !

What hands are here ? ha ! they pluck out mine eyes.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood

Clean from my hand ? No, this my hand will
rather

The multitudinous seas incarnardine,

Making the green one red.

*Re-enter Lady MACBETH.**Lady M.* My hands are of your colour : but I
shameTo wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a
knocking

At the south entry ;—retire we to our chamber.

A little water clears us of this deed :

How easy is it then !—Your constancy

Hath left you unattended.—[*Knock*] Hark, more
knocking.

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,

And show us to be watchers.—Be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not know
myself. [*Knock*]*Wake Duncan* with thy knocking :—I would thou
couldst ! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—The Same.

*Enter a Porter.**[Knocking within.*

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man
a porter of hell-gate, he should have old turn-
the key :—*[Knocking.]* Knock, knock, knock.
ho's there, i' the name of Beelzebub!—'Here's
rmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of
ity : ' 'Come in, farmer: have napkins enough
at you, here you'll sweat for 't.' *[Knocking.]*
ock, knock. 'Who's there, i' the other devil's
ie!—'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could
ar in both the scales against either scale; who
mitted treason enough for God's sake, yet
id not equivocate to heaven: ' 'O! come in,
ivocator.' *[Knocking.]* Knock, knock, knock.
ho's there?—'Faith, here's an English tailor
e hither for stealing out of a French hose: '
me in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.'
ocking.] Knock, knock. Never at quiet!
hat are you?—But this place is too cold for
. I'll devil-porter it no further. I had
ight to have let in some of all professions, that
ie primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.

[*Knocking.*] Anon, anon ! I pray you remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,

That you do lie so late ?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock ;

And drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke ?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes ; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery : it makes him, and it mars him ; it sets him on, and it takes him off ; it persuades him, and disheartens him ; makes him stand to, and not stand to : in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me : but I requited him for his lie : and, I think, being

too strong for him, though he took up my legs
sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter MACBETH.

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good-morrow, both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on
him;

I have almost slipped the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;

But yet 't is one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 't is my limited service. [Exit.]

Len. Goes the King hence to-day?

Macb. He does:—he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly. Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
*Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of
death,*

And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatched to the woful time. The obscure
bird

Clamoured the livelong night: some say, the
earth

Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue, nor
heart

Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Macb., Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-
piece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your
sight

With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak:

See, and then speak yourselves.

[*Exeunt* MACBETH and LENNOX.

Awake ! awake !—

Ring the alarum-bell.—Murder, and treason !

Banquo and Donalbain ! Malcolm ! awake !

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself ! up, up, and see

The great doom's image !—Malcolm ! Banquo !

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,

To countenance this horror ! [Bell rings.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house ? speak, speak !

Macd. O gentle lady,
Tis not for you to hear what I can speak :
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murdered !

Lady M. Woe, alas !
What ! in our house ?

Ban.

Too cruel, anywhere.

Dear Duff, I pr'ythee contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this
chance,

I have lived a blessed time : for, from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality,
All is but toys ; renown and grace is dead ;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss ?

Macb. You are, and do not know 't :
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped ; the very source of it is stopped.

Macd. Your royal father's murdered.

Mal. O, by whom ?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had
done't :

Their hands and faces were all badged with blood ;
So were their daggers, which, unwiped, we found
Upon their pillows :

*They stared, and were distracted ; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.*

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so ?

Macb. Who can be wise, amazed ; temperate and
furious ;

Loyal and neutral, in a moment ? No man.

The expedition of my violent love

Outrun the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin laced with his golden blood,

And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in
nature

For ruin's wasteful entrance : there, the murderers,
Steeped in the colours of their trade, their
daggers

Unmannerly breeched with gore. Who could re-
frain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage to make's love known ?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho !

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues
That most may claim this argument for ours ?

Don. What should be spoken

Here, where our *Fate*, hid in an auger-hole,

May rush, and seize us ? Let's away : our tears
are not yet brewed.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow yet
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady :—

[*Lady MACBETH is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us :
In the great hand of God I stand ; and, thence,
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macd. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but MALCOLM and DONALDIN.*]

Mal. What will you do ? Let's not consort with
them :

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I : our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer ; where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles : the near in blood
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot

Hath not yet lighted ; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim : therefore, to horse :
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.—Without the Castle.

Enter Ross and an Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember
well ;

Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore
night

Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross.

Ah, good father,

Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's
act,

Threaten his bloody stage : by the clock 't is day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp :
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of the earth entomb
When living light should kiss it ?

Old M.

'Tis unnatural,

Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.

Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most
strange and certain—

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they ate each other.

Ross. They did so; to the amazement of mine
eyes,
That looked upon 't.—Here comes the good
Macduff.

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody
deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborne
Malcolm, and *Donalbain*, the king's two sons,
Are stolen away and fled; which puts upon *the*
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still :
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means !—Then 't is most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already named, and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Ross. Where's Duncan's body ?

Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone ?

Macd. No, cousin : I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well,—may you see things well done there
—adieu !—

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new !

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you ; and with
those

That would make good of bad, and friends of foes !

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Forres.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis,
all,

As the weird women promised ; and I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't ; yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope ? But, hush ; no more.

*Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King ; Lady
MACBETH, as Queen ; LENNOX, ROSS, Lords,
and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,

It had been as a gap in our great feast,

And all-things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
and I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon !

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desired your good
advice—

Which still hath been both grave and prosperous—
In this day's council ; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride ?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
Twixt this and supper ; go not my horse the
better,

I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England and in Ireland ; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to-morrow,
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse : adieu,
Till *you return at night*. Goes Fleance with
you ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord : our time does call
upon 's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of
foot,

And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell.—

[*Exit* BANQUO.]

Let every man be master of his time

Till seven at night ; to make society

The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself

Till supper time alone ; while then, God be with
you.

[*Exeunt* Lady MACBETH, *Lords, &c.*]

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men

Our pleasure ?

Atten They are, my lord, without the palace
gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. [*Exit Attendant.*]

To be thus is nothing ;

But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo

Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature

Reigns that which would be feared : 't is much he
dares ;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour

To act in safety. There is none but he

Whose being I do fear : and under him

My genius is rebuked ; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him : then, prophet
like,

They hailed him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind ;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered ;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,
Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings !
Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance !—Who's
there ?

Re-enter Attendant with two Murderers.

Now, go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

1 Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb.

Well then, now

Have you considered of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference; passed in probation with
you

How you were borne in hand; how crossed; the
instruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things else, that
might

To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say, 'Thus did Banquo.'

1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gosselled
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave
And beggared yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,
curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs · the valued file

Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed ; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike : and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it,
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on't.

Mach. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 *Mur.* True, my lord

Mach. So he is mine ; and in such bloody
distance,

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life : and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not—
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop—but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down : and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.*

We shall, my lord,

Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.*

Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within
this hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't ; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace ; always thought,
That I require a clearness : and with him,—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart ;
I'll come to you anon.

2 *Mur.* We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I'll come upon you straight: abide
within.— [*Exeunt Murderers.*

It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Room.

Enter Lady MACBETH and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his
leisure

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady M. Naught's had, all's spent,

Where our desire is got without content:

'T is safer to be that which we destroy

Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,

Of sorriest fancies your companions making,

Using those thoughts which should indeed have
died

With them they think on ! Things without remedy
Should be without regard : what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotched the snake, not killed
it :

She'll close, and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the
worlds suffer .

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave :
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.
Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on ; gentle my lord,
Sleek o'er your rugged looks ; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love,
And so, I pray, be you. Let your remembrance
Apply to Banquo ; present him eminence, both
With eye and tongue : unsafe the while that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,

And make our faces visards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear
wife !

Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not
eternae.

Macb. There 's comfort yet : they are assailable :
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight ; ere to black Hecate's sum-
mons

The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal,
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.—

Lady M. What's to be done ?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale !—Light thickens ; and the
crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood ;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse.

Whiles night's black agents to their preys
rouse.—

Thou marvell'st at my words ; but hold thee still
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [Exeun

SCENE III.—The Same. A Park with a Gate
leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us ?

3 *Mur.* Macbet

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust since
delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn ; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark, I hear horses.

Ban. [Within.] Give us a light there, ho !

2 *Mur.* Then it is he : the m

*That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' th' court.*

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!

3 *Mur.* 'T is he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to 't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

[Assaults BANQUO.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly,
fly!

Thou may'st avenge—O slave!

[Dies. FLEANCE escapes.

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was 't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down: the son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost

Best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is
done.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV—A Room of State in the Palace.

A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down
at first and last,

The hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state ; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
friends ;

For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts
thanks.

Both sides are even : here I'll sit i' the midst.
Be large in mirth ; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's, then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without than him within
Is he despatched ?

Mur. My lord, his throat is out : that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats ; yet he's good,
That did the like for Fleance : if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

Macb. Then comes my fit again : I had else been perfect ;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air :
But now, I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in

To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe ?

Mur. Ay, my good lord, safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head,
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.
There the grown serpent lies : the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone ; to-mor-
row

We'll hear ourselves again.— [*Exit Murderer.*]

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold,

That is not often vouched, while 't is a-making,
'T is given with welcome; to feed were best at ho-
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May 't please your highness

*The Ghost of BANQUO enters, and sits in MACBETH
place.*

Macb. Here had we now our country's hor-
roofed,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present
Who I may rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it y-
highness

To grace us with your royal company!

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved,

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that m-
your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords.

What, my good lord ?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it : never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise ; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often
thus,

And hath been from his youth : pray you, keep
seat ;

The fit is momentary ; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion ;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man ?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on
that

Which might appal the devil.

Lady M.

O proper stuff !

This is the very painting of your fear :
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorised by her grandam. Shame itself !
Why do you make such faces ? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. *Pr'ythee, see there ! behold ! look ! lo !*
how say you ?—

Why, what care I ? If thou canst nod, speak
too.—

If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears*]

Lady M. What, quite unmanned in folly ?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' old
time,

Ere human statute purged the gentle weal,
Ay, and since too, murders have been performed
Too terrible for the ear ; the time has been
That when the brains were out the man would die
And there an end : but now, they rise again
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more
strange

Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;
*I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health
all :*

Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine : fill full :
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ,
'Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt, and quit my sight ! Let the earth
hide thee !

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom ; 't is no other ;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare :
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger ;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble : or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !
Unreal mockery, hence ! [*Ghost disappears.*]
Why, so ;—being gone.

I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, by
the good meeting
With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder ! You make
strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks
When mine is blanched with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord !

Lady M. I pray you, speak not ; he grows worse
and worse ;
Question enrages him : At once, good night :—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty !

Lady M. A kind good night to all !
[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants*]

Macb. It will have blood, they say ; blood,
have blood :
Stones have been known to move, and trees
speak ;

Augurs and understood relations have
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which
is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his
person

At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send.
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to
know,

By the worst means, the worst. For mine own
good

All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepped in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures,
sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and
self-abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use :

We are yet but young in deed. [Re-enter]

SCENE V.—The Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting

HECATE.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate! you look
angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death ;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never called to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.—
But make amends now : get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
*Meet me i' the morning : thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels and your spells provide.*

Your charms and everything beside.
I am for the air ; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end :
Great business must be wrought ere noon
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound ;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground :
And that, distilled by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear :
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Song, within : "Come away, come away," &c.*
Hark ! I am called : my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste : she'll soon be
back again. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—Forres. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LENNOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your
thoughts,

Which can interpret further : only, I say, .
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious
Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth : marry, he was dead.
And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late ;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance
killed,

For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father ? damnéd fact,
How it did grieve Macbeth ! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep !
Was not that nobly done ? Ay, and wisely too ;
For 't would have angered any heart alive
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well : and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,—
As, an 't please Heaven, he shall not,—they should
find

What 't were to kill a father ; so should Fleance.
But, peace !—for from broad words, and 'cause he
failed

*His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell*

Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth
Lives in the English court; and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward;
That, by the help of these,—with Him above
To ratify the work,—we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute 'Sir,
not I,'

The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, 'You'll rue the
time

That clogs me with this answer.'

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance

His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed !

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Cavern. In the middle a Cauldron
boiling.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

- 1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.
2 *Witch.* Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.
3 *Witch.* Harpier cries :—'T is time, 't is time.
1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go ;

In the poisoned entrails throw.—

Toad, that under a cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Sweltered venom, sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble :

Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake ;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble :
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf :
Witches' mummy ; maw, and gulf,
Of the ravined salt-sea shark ;
Root of hemlock, digged i' the dark ;
Liver of blaspheming Jew ;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Slivered in the moon's eclipse ;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-delivered by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab :
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble :
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a báboon's blood :
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE.

Hec. O, well done ! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' the gains.

And now about the cauldron sing
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a Song, "Black spirits," &c.*

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes : [*Knocking.*
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and mid-
night hags !

What is 't you do ?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you pro-
fess,—

Howe'er you come to know it, answer me :
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches ; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up ;
Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown
down ;

Though castles topple on their warders' heads ;
Though palaces, and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations ; though the
treasure

Of nature's germen tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken : answer me
To what I ask you

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We 'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our
mouths,

Or from our masters ?

Macb Call 'em : let me see 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow : grease, that's sweeten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low ;
Thyself and office deftly show.

Thunder. *First Apparition : an armed Head.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought :

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

1 *App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
Macduff;

Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me.—Enough.
[*Descends.*]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks :

Thou hast harped my fear aright. But one word
more :—

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded. Here's
another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition: a bloody Child.

2 *App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

2 *App.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute : laugh to
scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*]

Macb. Then live, Macduff : what need I fear of
thee ?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

*Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned,
with a tree in his hand.*

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king ;
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty ?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't

3 App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :
Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

Macb. That will never be :
Who can impress the forest ; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root ? Sweet bodements !
good !

Rebellion's head rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise ; and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing : tell me—if your art
Can tell so much—shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom ?

All

Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied : deny me this,

And an eternal curse fall on you ! Let me know.—
Why sinks that cauldron ? and what noise is this ?

[*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Show !

2 *Witch.* Show !

3 *Witch.* Show !

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart :
Come like shadows, so depart.

*A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his
hand ; BANQUO following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo :
down !

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls :—and thy
hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first :—

A third is like the former :—filthy hags !

Why do you show me this ?—A fourth ?—Start,
eyes !

What ! will the line stretch out to the crack of
doom !

Another yet ?—A seventh ?—I 'll see no more :—

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,

Which shows me many more ; and some I see,

That two-fold balls and treble-sceptres carry.

Horrible sight !—Now, I see, 't is true :

For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What ! is this so ?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so : but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly ?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights.
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antick round ;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*]

Macb. Where are they ? Gone !—Let this per-
nicious hour
Stand aye accurséd in the calendar !—
Come in, without there !

Enter LENNOX.

Len. What's your grace's will ?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters ?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you ?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damned all those that trust them !—I *did*
hear

The galloping of horse : who was't came by ?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England ?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits :
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
done :

The castle of Macduff I will surprise ;
Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool ;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool :
But no more sights !—Where are these gentlemen ?
Come, bring me where they are. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Fife. A Room in MACDUFF's Castle.

Enter Lady MACDUFF, her Son, and Ross.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the land ?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

Wife.

He had none :

His flight was madness : when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross.

You know not

Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

Wife. Wisdom ! to leave his wife, to leave his
babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly ? He loves us not ;
He wants the natural touch : for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love ;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Ross.

My dear'st coz,

I pray you, school yourself : but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much
further :

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves ; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea

And each way move.—I take my leave of you :
Shall not be long but I'll be here again ;

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you !

Wife. Fathered he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort :
I take my leave at once. [Exit.

Wife. Sirrah, your father's dead :
And what will you do now ? How will you live ?

Son. As birds do, mother.

Wife. What, with worms and flies !

Son. With what I get, I mean ; and so do they.

Wife. Poor bird ! thou'dst never fear the net,
nor lime,

The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother ? Poor birds they
are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

Wife. Yes, he is dead : how wilt thou do for a
father ?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband ?

Wife. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

Wife. Thou speak'st with all thy wit ;
And yet, i' faith, with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother ?

Wife. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

Wife. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

Wife. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

Wife. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

Wife. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

Wife. Now God help thee, poor monkey!
But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

Wife. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,

*Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:*

If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here ; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage ;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you !
I dare abide no longer. [Exit

Wife.

Whither should I fly ?

I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world where to do harm
Is often laudable ; to do good, sometime
Accounted dangerous folly : why then, alas !
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm ? What are these
faces ?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband ?

Wife. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur.

He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain !

Mur. What, you egg ! [Stabbing him.
Young fry of treachery !

Son. He has killed me, mother ; run away, I
pray you. [Dies.

[Exit Lady MACDUFF, crying ' Murder !'
and pursued by the Murderers.

SCENE III.—England. Before the KING's Palace.

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and
there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd.

Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom. Each new
morn

New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yelled out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal.

What I believe, I'll wail ;

What know, believe ; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.

What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest ; you have loved him well ;
He hath not touched you yet. I am young ; but
something

You may deserve of him through me and wisdom
*To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry God.*

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your
pardon :

That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose,
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell ;
Though all things foul would wear the brows of
grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my
doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child—
Those precious motives, those strong knots of
love—

Without leave-taking !—I pray you
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties : you may be rightly just
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country !
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee ! wear thou thy
wrongs ;

*The title is affected !—Fare thee well, lord :
I would not be the villain that thou think'st*

For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended :
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke ;
It weeps, it bleeds ; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds : I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right ;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands : but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be ?

Mal. It is myself I mean ; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,

Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name : but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness ; your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust ; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will : better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd.

Boundless intemperance

In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings : but fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours : you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough ; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

Mal.

With this, there grows

In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
*I should cut off the nobles for their lands ;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house ;
And my more-having would be as a sauce*

To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd.

This avarice

Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weighed.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming
graces,

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, persévérance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I
should

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd.

O Scotland, Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd.

Fit to govern!

No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptered,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore
thee,

Off'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banished me from Scotland.—O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal.

Macduff, this noble passion,

Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and

Unspeaking mine own detraction; here abjure

*The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;*

Scarcely have coveted what was mine own ;
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow ; and delight
No less in truth, than life : my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command :
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now, we 'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you
silent ?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at
once

Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well ; more anon.—Comes the king forth,
I pray you ?

Doct. Ay, sir ; there are a crew of wretched
souls

That stay his cure ; their malady convinces
The great assay of art ; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal.

I thank you, doctor. [Exit Doctor

Macd. What 's the disease he means ?

Mal. 'T is called the e
A most miraculous work in this good king,
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,
Himself best knows ; but strangely-visited people
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures ;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers ; and 't is spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy ;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here

Mal. My countryman ; but yet I know I
not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither

Mal. I know him now, Good God, betimes
move

The means that makes us strangers ?

Ross.

Sir, Amen

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech : how goes it ?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.
Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men ;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Ross. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like ! But I have words
That would be howled out in the desert air
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they ?
The general cause ! or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast ?

Ross. No mind that's honest
*But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.*

Macd. If it be mine
Keep it not from me ; quickly let me have it.

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for
ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humh ! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surprised ; your wife and
babes
Savagely slaughter'd : to relate the manner,
Were on the quarry of these murdered deer
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful Heaven !—
What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows :
Give sorrow words ; the grief that does not
speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

Macd. My children too ?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence !
My wife killed too ?

Ross. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted :
*Let's make us medicines of our great revenge
To cure this deadly grief.*

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones !

Did you say, all !—O hell-kite !—All !
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop !

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so.

But I must also feel it as a man :
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did Heaven look
on,

And would not take their part ! Sinful Macduff !
They were all struck for thee. Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits but for mine
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them
now !

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword : let
grief

Convert to anger ; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes
And braggart with my tongue.—But, gentle
heavens,

Out short all intermission. Front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself ;
Within my sword's length set him. If he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too !

Mal.

This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king : our power is ready ;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you
may :

The night is long that never finds the day.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but
can perceive no truth in your report. When was
it she last walked ?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I
have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-
gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper,
fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and
again return to bed ; yet all this while in a most
fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive
at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of

watching. In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 't is most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech. Lo you! here she comes.

Enter Lady MACBETH with a taper.

This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense' are shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what

comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot ! out, I say !—One ; two : why, then 't is time to do 't.—Hell is murky !—Fie, my lord, fie ! a soldier, and afeard ? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account ?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him ?

Doct. Do you mark that ?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife : where is she now ?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean ?
t —No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that : you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to ; you have known what you
y should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that : Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still : all
he the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh . . oh . . oh !

Doct. What a sigh is there ! The heart is sorely
to charged.
wn

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—
w

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice : yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown ; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried ; he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doct. Even so !—

Lady M. To bed, to bed : there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand :—What's done cannot be undone :—To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit.

Doct. Will she go now to bed ?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles : infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all !—Look after her ;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her :—so, good night :
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight :
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent.

Good night, good doctor

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with drum and colours MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and *Soldiers*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,

His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff
Revenge burn in them ; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them ; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother ?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file
Of all the gentry : there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant ?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he's mad ; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury : but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distempered cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands ;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love ; now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pestered senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there ?

Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 't is truly owed :
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports ; let them fly
all :

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Mal-
colm?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits that
know

All mortal consequences have pronounced me
thus:

'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of
woman

Shall e'er have power upon thee.'—Then fly, false
thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-
face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [Exit *Servant*.]

—Seyton!—I am sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push

Will chair me ever, or disseat me now.

I have lived long enough : my way of life

Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf ;

And that which should accompany old age,

As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,

Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare
not.—

Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure ?

Macb. What news more ?

Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be
hacked.

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'T is not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.—

Send out more horses, skirr the country round ;

Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine
armour.—

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that :
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it—
Come, put mine armour on ; give me my staff—
Seyton, send out—Doctor, the thanes fly from me—
Come, sir, despatch—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo
That should applaud again—Pull 't off, I say—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
*Would scour these English hence ? Hear'st thou
of them ?*

Doct. Ay, my good lord ; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—

I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*

Doct. [*Aside.*] Were I from Dunsinane away
and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Country near Dunsinane.

A Wood in view.

*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, Old
SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH,
CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, and Soldiers,
marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us ?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him : thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siv. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'T is his main hope ;
For where there is advantage to be given
Both more and less hath given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siv. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate :
Towards which advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

*Enter, with drum and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON,
and Soldiers.*

Macd. Hang out our banners on the outward
walls ;

The cry is still, 'They come!' Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up.

Were they not forced with those that should be
ours,

We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that
noise? [A cry of Women within.

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

[Exit.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been, my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't. I have supped full with
horrors :

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry ?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter :

There would have been a time for such a word. —

*To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,*

To the iast syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue ; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave !

Mess. Let me endure your wrath if 't be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming ;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive
Till famine cling thee : if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—

I pull in resolution ; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth : ' Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane ; '—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out !
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.—
I gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now un-
done.—

Ring the alarum-bell !—Blow, wind ! come, wrack !
At least we 'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—The Same. A Plain before the Castle.

*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, Old
SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c., and their Army, with
boughs.*

Mal. Now, near enough : your leafy screens
throw down,

And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,

*Lead our first battle : worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.*

Siw.

Fare you well.

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak ; give them
all breath,

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*

SCENE VII.—The Same. Another Part of the
Plain.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake ; I cannot
fly,

But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he
That was not born of woman ? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name ?

Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No ; though thou call'st thyself a
hotter name

Then any is in hell.

Macb.

My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce
a title

More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant : with my
sword

I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and Young SIWARD is slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandished by man that 's of a woman born. [*Exit*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy
face !

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves : either thou, Mac-
beth,

Or else my sword, with an unbattered edge,
I sheathe again undeeded.—There thou shouldst
be,—

*By this great clatter one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune !
And more I beg not.* [*Exit. Alarums.*]

Enter MALCOLM and Old SIWARD.

Sir. This way, my lord ;—the castle's gently
rendered :

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight ;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war.
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Sir. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt Alarums.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and
die
On mine own sword ! Whiles I see lives, the
gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn !

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee :
But get thee back, my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words ;

To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet

And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last : before my body
I throw my warlike shield : lay on, Macduff ;
And damned be he that first cries, ' Hold,
 enough ! ' [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and colours,
MALCOLM, Old SIWARD, ROSS, Thanes, and
Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe
arrived.

Sir. Some must go off ; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt :

He only lived but till he was a man ;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siv. Then he is dead ?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause
of sorrow

Must not be measured by his worth, for then

It hath no end.

Siv. Had he his hurts before ?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siv. Why then, God's soldier be he !
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death :
And so, his knell is knolled.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siv. He's worth no more ;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score :
And so, God be with him !—Here comes newer
comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head.

Macd. Hail, King ! for so thou art. Behold,
where stands

The usurper's curs'd head : the time is free.
I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds ;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, King of Scotland !

All. Hail, King of Scotland !

[*Flourish.*]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,

And make us even with you. My thanes and
kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exiled friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny ;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and this fiend-like queen,
Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life,—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace
We will perform in measure, time, and place.
So thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

THE HISTORIE OF MACBETH,

From Ralph Holinshed's Chronicle of Scotland, 1577.

AFTER Malcolme succéded his nephue Duncane the sonne of his daughter Beatrice: for Malcolme had two daughters, the one which was this Beatrice, being giuen in mariage vnto one Abbanath Crinen, a man of great nobilitie, and thane of the Hles and west parts of Scotland, bare of that mariage the foresaid Duncane; the other Doad, was married vnto Sinell the thane of Glamis, by whom she had issue one Makbeth a valiant gentleman, and one that if he had not béene somewhat cruell of nature, might haue béene thought most woorthie the gouernement of a realme. On the other part, Duncane was so soft and gentle of nature, that the people wished the inclinations and maners of these two cousins to haue béene so tempered and interchangeablie bestowed betwixt them, that where the one had too much of clemencie, and the other of crueltie, the meane virtue betwixt these two *extremities might haue reigned by indifferent partition in them both*, so should Duncane haue

proued a woorthie king, and Makbeth an excellent capteine. The beginning of Duncans reigne was verie quiet and peaceable, without anie notable trouble; but after it was perceiued how negligent he was in punishing offenders, manie misrulerd persons tooke occasion thereof to trouble the peace and quiet state of the common-wealth, by seditious commotions which first had their beginnings in this wise.

Banquho, the thane of Lochquhaber, of whom the house of the Stewards is descended, the which by order of linage hath now for a long time inioied the crowne of Scotland, euen till these our daies, as he gathered the finances due to the king, and further punished somewhat sharpelie such as were notorious offenders, being assailed by a number of rebels inhabiting in that countrie, and spoiled of the monie and all other things, had much a doo to get awaie with life, after he had recieved sundrie grievous wounds amongst them. Yet escaping their hands, after hee was somewhat recouered of his hurts, and was able to ride, he repaired to the court, where making his complaint to the king in *most earnest* wise, he purchased at length that the *offenders* were sent for by a sergeant at armes, to *appeare* to make answer vnto such matters as

should be laid to their charge : but they augmenting their mischievous act with a more wicked déed, after they had misused the messenger with sundrie kinds of reproches, they finallie slue him also.

Then doubting not but for such contemptuous demeanour against the king's regall authoritie, they should be inuaded with all the power the king could make, Makdowald one of great estimation among them, making first a confederacie with his neerest friends and kinsmen, tooke vpon him to be chiefe capteine of all such rebels as would stand against the king, in maintenance of the grieuous offenses latelie committed against him. Manie slanderous words, also, and railing taunts this Makdowald vttered against his prince, calling him a faint-hearted milkesop, more meet to gouerne a sort of idle moonks in some cloister, than to haue the rule of such valiant and hardie men of warre as the Scots were. He vsed also such subtile persuasions and forged allurements, that in a small time he had gotten together a mightie power of men : for out of the westerne Isles there came vnto him a great multitude of people, offering themselues to assist him in that rebellious quarell, and out of *Ireland in hope of the spoile* came no small number of *Kernes and Galloglasses*, offering gladlie to

serue vnder him, whither it should please him to lead them.

Makdowald thus hauing a mightie puissance about him, incountered with such of the kings people as were sent against him into Lochquhaber, and discomfiting them, by mere force tooke their capteine Malcolme, and after the end of the battell smote off his head. This ouerthrow being notified to the king, did put him in woonderfull feare, by reason of his small skill in warlike affaires. Calling therefore his nobles to a counsell, he asked of them their best aduise for the subduing of Makdowald and other the rebels. Here, in sundrie heads (as euer it happeneth) were sundrie opinions, which they vttered according to euerie man his skill. At length Makbeth speaking much against the kings softnes, and ouermuch slacknesse in punishing offenders, whereby they had such time to assemble together, he promised notwithstanding, if the charge were committed vnto him and vnto Banquho, so to order the matter, that the rebels should be shortly vanquished and quite put downe, and that not so much as one of them should be *found to make resistance within the countrie.*

And euen so it came to passe: for being sent forth with a new power, at his entring into

Lochquhaber, the fame of his comming put the enemies in such feare, that a great number of them stale secretlie awaie from their capteine Makdowald, who neuertheless inforced thereto, gave battell vnto Makbeth, with the residue which remained with him : but being ouercome and fléeing for refuge into a castell (within the which his wife and children were inclosed) at length when he saw how he could neither defend the hold anie longer against his enimies, nor yet vpon surrender be suffered to depart with life sauéd, hée first slue his wife and children, and lastlie himselfe, least if he had yeelded simplie, he should haue béene executed in most cruell wise for an example to others. Makbeth entring into the castell by the gates as then set open, found the carcasse of Makdowald lieng dead there amongst the residue of the slaine bodies, which when he beheld, remitting no peece of his cruell nature with that pitifull sight, he caused the head to be cut off, and set vpon a poles end, and so sent it as a present to the king, who as then laie at Bertha. The headlesse trunke he commanded to bée hoong vp vpon an high paire of gallowes.

Them of the western Iles suing for pardon, in that they had aided Makdowald in his tratorous

enterprise, he fined at great sums of monie : and those whome he tooke in Lochquhaber, being come thither to beare armor against the king, he put to execution. Hervpon the Ilandmen conceiued a deadlie grudge towards him, calling him a couenant-breaker, a bloudie tyrant, and a cruell murderer of them whome the kings mercie had pardoned. With which reprochfull words Makbeth being kindled in wrathfull ire against them, had passed ouer with an armie into the Iles, to haue taken reuenge vpon them for their liberall talke, had he not béene otherwise persuaded by some of his friends, and partlie pacified by gifts presented vnto him on the behalfe of the Ilandmen, séeking to auoid his displeasure. Thus was iustice and law restored againe to the old accustomed course, by the diligent means of Makbeth. Immediatlie wherevpon woord came that Sueno king of Norway was arriued in Fife with a puissant armie, to subdue the whole realme of Scotland.

But here to the intent it maie be the better perceiued, what this Sueno was, I will somewhat touch from whence he descended. That Sueno, *who (as ye haue heard) conquered the realme of England, being also king of Denmark and Norwaie, and thrée sonnes, Harold, Sueno, and Canute ; the*

first he made king of England, the second king of Norwaie, and the third king of Denmarke. Harold inioied not the same dominion of England past thrée yéeres after his fathers deceasse, but was slaine by Etheldred or Egeldred, whom his father Sueno had chased into Normandie. But the same Etheldred kept not long the kingdome in peace, for Canute, king of Denmarke, to reuenge his brothers death, landed in England with a mightie host, and sleaing Etheldred, recouered the kingdome to the vse of the Danes: but yet one Edmund sonne to the foresaid Etheldred, surnamed Ironside, mainteined the warre against Canute for a season, till at length by both their consents they agréed to fight a combat singularlie man to man, so to trie the matter betwixt them, who should reigne as king ouer the Englishmen.

In this fight when they had continued a long space, and shewed right notable proofes of their manhood: 'Edmund (saith Canute) sith it has pleased almightie God, that thou shouldest thus trie the force of my hand without hurt or wound, I thinke it bée likewise his pleasure, that thou shouldest inioy part of the realme: go to therefore, I receiue *thée as partener* with me in the kingdome, *so that (if thou be contented)* let vs diuide the

kingdome betwixt vs without anie more contention.' Edmund gladlie accepted this condition of agreement, supposing it better to haue halfe the kingdome, than to stand to the doubtfull triall of loosing the whole: for he had received a wound at Canutes hand, though Canute vnderstood not so much: againe, he foresaw that occasion hereafter might be offered, whereby he might without all trouble come to inioy the whole. Herevpon either of them lept beside their weried horssees in that fierce and earnest fight, and imbracing each other became good friends, in diuiding the realme according to the aboue mentioned motion of Canute. That part of England that lieth ouer against France was assigned vnto Canute: and the other, that is, the north parts vnto Edmund. In the meane time Emma the wife of Etheldred, with hir two sonnes (which she had by the same Etheldred) Alured and Edward, fled ouer into Normandie, doubting least this concord betwixt Canute and Edmund should turne smallie to hir aduancement.

But now touching the arriual of Sueno the Norwegian king in Fife (as before is expressed) ye shall vnderstand, that the pretense of his comming was to reuenge the slaughter of his vncke Canus, and other of the Danish nation slaine at Barre

Crowdane, and Gemmer. The crueltie of this Sueno was such, that he neither spared man, woman, nor child, of what age, condition, or degree soeuer they were. Whereof when K. Duncane was certified, he set all slouthfull and lingering delaies apart, and began to assemble an armie in most speedie wise, like a verie valiant capteine: for oftentimes it happeneth, that a dull coward and slouthfull person, constrained by necessitie, becommeth verie hardie and actiue. Therefore when his whole power was come together, he diuided the same into thrée battels. The first was led by Makbeth, the second by Banquho, and the king himselfe gouerned in the maine battel or middle ward, wherein were appointed to attend and wait vpon his person the most part of all the residue of the Scottish nobilitie.

The armie of Scottishmen being thus ordered, came vnto Culros, where incountering with the enimies, after a sore and cruell foughten battell, Sueno remained victorious, and Malcolme with his Scots discomfited. Howbeit the Danes were so broken by this battell, that they were not able to make long chase on their enimies, but kept themselves all night in order of battell, for doubt least the Scots assembling together againe, might haue

set vpon them at some aduantage. On the morrow, when the fields were discouered, and that it was perceived how no enimies were to be found abroad, they gathered the spoile, which they diuided amongst them, according to the law of armes. Then it was ordeined by commandement of Sueno, that no souldier should hurt either man, woman, nor child, except such as were found with weapon in hand readie to make resistance, for he hoped now to conquer the realme without further bloudshed.

But when knowledge was giuen how Duncan was fled to the castell of Bertha, and that Makbeth was gathering a new power to withstand the incursions of the Danes, Sueno raised his tents, and comming to the said castell, laid a strong siege round about it. Duncane seeing himselfe thus enuironed by his enimies, sent a secret message by counsell of Banquo to Makbeth, commanding him to abide at Inchcuthill, till he heard from him some other newes. In the meane time Duncane fell in fained communication with Sueno, as though he would haue yielded vp the castell into his hands, vnder certaine conditions, and this did he to drue time, and to put his enimies out of all suspicion of any enterprise ment against them, till all things

re brought to passe that might serue for the
 repose. At length, when they were fallen at a
 point for rendring vp the hold, Duncane offered to
 take foorth of the castell into the campe great
 provision of vittels to refresh the armie, which
 was gladly accepted of the Danes, for that
 they had bene in great penurie of sustenance manie
 times before.

The Scots hereupon tooke the iuice of mekil-
 wort berries, and mixed the same in their ale and
 bread, sending it thus spiced and confectioned in
 at abundance vnto their enimies. They re-
 ceiving that they had got meate and drinke suffi-
 cient to satisfie their bellies, fell to eating and
 drinking, after such greedie wise, that it seemed
 very stroue who might deuoure and swallow vp
 most, till the operation of the berries spread in such
 sort through all the parts of their bodies, that they
 were in the end brought into a fast dead sleepe,
 in such manner it was vnpossible to awake them.
 Then forthwith Duncane sent vnto Makbeth, com-
 mending him with all diligence to come and set
 on the enimies, being in easie point to be ouer-
 come. Makbeth making no delaye, came with his
 people to the place, where his enimies were lodged,
 first killing the watch, afterwards entered the

campe, and made such slaughter on all sides without anie resistance, that it was a woonderfull matter to behold, for the Danes were so heauie of sléepe, that the most part of them were slaine and neuer stirred : other that were awakened either by the noise or other waies foorth, were so amazed and dizzie headed vpon their wakening, that they were not able to make anie defense : so that of the whole number there escaped no more but onelie Sueno himselfe and ten other persons, by whose helpe he got to his ships lieng at rode in the mouth of Taie.

The most part of the mariners, when they heard what plentie of meate and drinke the Scots had sent unto the campe, came from the sea thither to be partakers thereof, and so were slaine amongst their fellowes : by meanes whereof when Sueno perceiued how through lacke of mariners he should not be able to conueie awaie his nauie, he furnished one ship throughlie with such as were left, and in the same sailed backe into Norwaie, cursing the time that he set forward on this infortunate iournie. The other ships which he left behind *him*, within three daies after his departure from *thence*, were tossed so together by violence of an *east* wind, that beating and rushing one against

er, they sunke there, and lie in the same
euē vnto these daies, to the great danger of
such ships as come on that coast: for being
ed with the floud when the tide commeth, at
bbing againe of the same, some part of them
are aboue water.

e place where the Danish vessels were thus
is yet called Drownelow sands. This ouer-
received in manner afore said by Sueno, was
displeasent to him and his people, as should
be, in that it was a custome manie yeeres

that no knights were made in Norwaie,
t they were first sworne to reuenge the
hter of their countriemen and friends thus
in Scotland. The Scots hauing woone so
le a victorie, after they had gathered and
ed the spoile of the field, caused solemne
ssions to be made in all places of the realme,
hanks to be given to almightie God, that had
them so faire a day ouer their enimies. But
et the people were thus at their processions,
l was brought that a new flet of Danes was
ed at Kingcorne, sent thither by Canute king
ngland, in reuenge of his brother Sueno's over-
e. *To resist these enimies, which were alreadie
and busie in spoiling the countrie, Makbeth*

and Banquho were sent with the king's authoritie, who hauing with them a conuenient power, incountred the enimies, slue part of them, and chased the other to their ships. They that escaped and got once to their ships, obtained of Makbeth for a great summe of gold, that such of their friends as were slaine at this last bickering, might be buried in saint Colmes Inch. In memorie whereof, manie old sepultures are yet in the said Inch, there to be seene grauen with the armes of the Danes, as the maner of burieng noble men still is, and héretofore hath béene vsed.

A peace was also concluded at the same time betwixt the Danes and Scottishmen, ratified (as some have written) in this wise : That from thenceforth the Danes should neuer come into Scotland to make anie warres against the Scots by anie maner of meanes. And these were the warres that Duncane had with forren enimies, in the seuenth yéere of his reigne. Shortlie after happened a strange and uncouth woonder, which afterward was the cause of much trouble in the realme of Scotland, as ye shall after heare. It fortunéd as *Makbeth* and Banquho iournied towards Fores, *where the king then laie*, they went sporting by *the waie* togither without other companie, and

onellie themselves, passing thorough the woods and fields, when suddenlie in the middest of a laund, there met them thrée women in strange and wild apparell, resembling creatures of elder world, whome when they attentiuellie beheld, woondering much at the sight, the first of them spake and said: "All haile Makbeth, thane of Glamis" (for he had latelie entered into that dignitie and office by the death of his father Sinell). The second of them said: "Haile Makbeth, thane of Cawdor." But the third said: "All haile Makbeth that héereafter shalt be king of Scotland."

Then Banquo: "What manner of women (saith he) are you, that séeme so little fauourable vnto me, whereas to my fellow heere, besides high offices, ye assigne also the kingdome, appointing foorth nothing for me at all?" "Yes" (saith the first of them), "we promise greater benefits vnto thée, than vnto him, for he shall reigne in déed, but with an unluckie end: neither shall he leaue anie issue behind him to succéed in his place, where contrarilie thou in déed shalt not reigne at all, but of thée those shall be borne which shall gouerne the Scottish kingdome by long order of continuall descent." *Herewith the foresaid women vanished immediatlíe out of their sight. This was reputed*

at the first but some vaine fantastick illasion by Makbeth and Banquho, insomuch that Banquho would call Mackbeth in iest, king of Scotland; and Mackbeth againe would call him in sport likewise, the father of manie kings. But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destinie, or else some nymphs or feiries, indued with knowledge of prophesie by their necromantick science, because euerie thing came to pass as they had spoken. For shortlie after, the thane of Cawdor being condemned at Fores of treason against the king committed, his lands, liuings, and offices were given of the king's liberalitie to Mackbeth.

The same night after, at supper, Banquho iested with him and said: "Now Mackbeth thou hast obtained those things which the two former sisters prophesied, there remaineth onelie for thee to purchase that which the third said should come to passe." Wherevpon Mackbeth reuoluing the thing in his mind, began euen then to deuise how he might attein to the kingdome: but yet he thought *with himselfe* that he must tarie a time, which *should aduance him thereto* (by the diuine providence) as it had come to passe in his former

ment. But shortlie after it chanced that Duncane, hauing two sonnes by his wife was the daughter of Siward earle of Northland, he made the elder of them called me prince of Cumberland, as it were thereby point him his successor in the kingdome, diatlíe after his deceasse. Mackbeth sore led herewith, for that he saw by this means pe sore hindered (where, by the old lawes of realme, the ordinance was, that if he that l succéed were not of able age to take the e vpon himselfe, he that was next of bloud him should be admitted) he began to take all how he might vsurpe the kingdome by having a just quarell so to doo (as he tooke latter) for that Duncane did what in him lay fraud him of all maner of title and claime, he might in time to come, pretend vnto the re.

e woords of the thrée weird sisters also (of a before ye haue heard) greatlie incouraged herevnto, but speciallie his wife lay sore vpon to attempt the thing, as she that was verie ious, burning in vnquenchable desire to beare ame of a *quéene*. At length therefore, com-
ting his purposed intent with his trustie

friends, amongst whome Banquho was the chiefest, upon confidence of their promised aid, he slue the king at Enuerna, or (as some say) at Botgosuane, in the sixt yeare of his reigne. Then hauing a companie about him of such as he had made priuie to his enterprise, he caused himselfe to be proclaimed king, and foorthwith went unto Scone, where (by common consent) he receiued the inuesture of the kingdome according to the accustomed maner. The bodie of Duncane was first conueied vnto Elgine, and there buried in kinglie wise; but afterwards it was remoued and conueied vnto Colmekill, and there laid in a sepulture amongst his predecessors, in the year after the birth of our Saviour, 1046.

Malcolme Cammore and Donald Bane the sons of king Duncane, for feare of their liues (which they might well know that Mackbeth would seeke to bring to end for his more sure confirmation in the estate) fled into Cumberland, where Malcolme remained, till time that saint Edward the sonne of Etheldred recouered the dominion of England from the Danish power, the which Edward receiued *Malcolme* by way of most friendlie entertainment: *but Donald* passed ouer into Ireland, where he was tenderlie cherished by the king of that land.

Mackbeth, after the departure thus of Duncane's sonnes, vsed great liberalitie towards the nobles of the realme, thereby to win their fauour, and when he saw that no man went about to trouble him, he set his whole intention to mainteine iustice, and to punish all enormities and abuses, which had chanced through the feeble and slothfull administration of Duncane. And to bring his purpose the better to passe without anie trouble or great businesse, he deuised a subtill wile to bring all offenders and misdooers unto iustice, soliciting sundrie of his liege people with high rewards, to challenge and appeale such as most oppressed the commons, to come at a day and place appointed, to fight singular combats within barriers, in triall of their accusations. When these theéues, barrettors, and other oppressors of the innocent people were come to darren battell in this wise (as is said) they were streight waies apprehended by armed men, and trussed vp in halters on gibbets, according as they had iustlie deserued. The residue of misdooers that were left, were punished and tamed in such sort, that manie yeares after all theft and reiffings were little heard of, the people inioieng the blassefull benefit of good peace and tranquillitie. Mackbeth shewing himselfe thus a most diligent punisher

of all iniuries and wrongs attempted by anie disordered persons within his realme, was accounted the sure defense and buckler of innocent people; and hereto he also applied his whole indeour, to cause yoong men to exercise themselves in vertuous maners, and men of the church to attend their diuine service according to their vocations.

He caused to be slaine sundrie thanes, as of Cathnes, Sutherland, Stranauerne, and Ros, because through them and their seditious attempts, much trouble dailie rose in the realme. He appeased the troublesome state of Galloway, and slue one Mackgill a tyrant, who had manie yeares before passed nothing of the regall authoritie or power. To be briefe, such were the woorthie doings and princelie acts of this Mackbeth in the administration of the realme, that if he had attained thereunto by rightfull means, and continued in vprightnesse of justice as he began, till the end of his reigne, he might well have béene numbred amongst the most noble princes that anie where had reigned. He made manie holesome laws and statutes for the publike weale of his subjects.

But this was but a counterfet zeale of equitie shewed by him, partlie against his naturall inclination to purchase thereby the fauour of the people.

Shortlie after, he began to shew what he was, in stead of equitie practising crueltie. For the pricke of conscience (as it chanceth euer in tyrants, and such as atteine to anie estate by vnrighteous means) caused him euer to feare, least he should be serued of the same cup, as he had ministred to his predecessor. The woords also of the thrée weird sisters, would not out of his mind, which as they promised him the kingdome, so likewise did they promise it at the same time vnto the posteritie of Banquho. He willed therefore the same Banquho with his sonne named Fleance, to come to a supper that he had prepared for them, which was in déed, as he had deuised, present death at the hands of certeine murderers, whom he hired to execute that déed, appointing them to meete with the same Banquho and his sonne without the palace, as they returned to their lodgings, and there to slea them, so that he would not haue his house slandered, but that in time to come he might cleare himselfe, if anie thing were laid to his charge vpon anie suspicion that might arise.

It chanced yet by the benefit of the darke night, that though the father were slaine, the sonne yet *by the helpe of Almightye God reserving him to better fortune, escaped that danger: and afterwards*

hauing some inkeling (by the admonition of some friends which he had in the court) how his life was sought no lesse than his fathers, who was slaine not by chance medlie (as by the handling of the matter Makbeth would haue it to appeare) but euen upon a prepensd deuise; wherevpon to auoid further perill he fled into Wales. But here I thinke it shall not much make against my purpose, if (according to th' order which I find obserued in the Scottish historie) I shall in few words rehearse the originall line of those kings, which have descended from the foresaid Banquho, that they which have inioied the kingdome by so long continuance of descent, from one to another, and that euen unto these our daies, may be knownen from whence they had their first beginning.

Fleance therefore (as before is said) fled into Wales, where shortlie after by his courteous and amiable behaviour, he grew into such fauour and estimation with the prince of that countrie, that he might vnneath haue wished anie greater; at length also he came into such familiar acquaintance with the said princes daughter, that she of courtesie in *the end* suffered him to get hir with child; which *being* once vnderstood, hir father the prince conceiued such hatefull displeasure towards Fleance,

that he finallye slue him, and held his daughter in most vile estate of seruitude, for that she had consented to be on this wise deflowered by a stranger. At the last yet, she was deliuered of a sonne named Walter, who within few yeares prooued a man of greater courage and valiancie, than anie other had commonlie béene found, although he had no better bringing vp than (by his grandfather's appointment) among the baser sort of people. Howbeit he shewed euer euen from his infancie, that there reigned in him a certaine stoutnesse of stomach, readie to attempt high enterprises.

It chanced that falling out with one of his companions, after manie tawnting words which passed betwixt them, the other to his reproch objected that he was a bastard, and begotten in vnlawful bed; wherewith being sore kindled, in his raging furie he ran vpon him and slue him out of hand. Then was he glad to flée out of Wales, and coming into Scotland to séeke some friendship there, he happened into the companie of such Englishmen, as were come thither with quéene Margaret, and behaued himselfe so soberlie in all his demeanours, that within a while he was highlie esteemed *amongst them*. *Not long after by such means attaining to the degré of high reputation he was*

sent with a great power of men into the westerne Isles, into Galloway, and other parts of the realme, to deliver the same from the tyrannie and iniurious oppression there exercised by diuers, misgoverned persons; which enterprise according to his commission he atchieued, with such prudent policie and manhood, that immediatlie upon his returne to the court, he was made lord steward of Scotland, with assignement to receiue the king's rents and duties out of the parts of the realme.

This Walter Steward had a sonne named Alane Steward, who went after with Godfreie of Bullogne duke of Loraine, and Robert duke of Normandie sonne to king William the bastard that conquered England, into the holie land, at what time they with other westerne princes made the great iournie thither, in the year 1099. Alane had issue Alexander Steward, that founded the abbeie of Pasleie of saint Benedict's order. Walter Steward, whose valiancie was well notified at the battell of Largis, as hereafter shall be shewed, was the sonne of the said Alexander. The same Walter had issue two sons, the one named Alexander fought right *valiantlie* in defense of his father at the foresaid *stall*; and the other named Robert Steward got lands of Terbowtoun, and married the heire

of Crukeistoun, from whom descended the earles of Levenox and Dernlie. Moreover, the above mentioned Alexander Steward that founded Paselie, had diuerse mo sonnes, as Iohn and Iames, with sundrie other. Howbeit they tooke new surnames by the name of those lands, vnto the which they succéded. The afore recited John Steward, after the death of his brother James, married the heire of Bonkill a virgine of great beautie, and had by hir Walter Steward that inherited the lands of Bonkill, Ranfrew, Rothessaie, Bute, and Stewatoun, after that his father the forenamed Iohn was slaine at Falkirke.

He married Margerie Bruce daughter to King Robert Bruce, by whome he had issue king Robert the second of that name. This Robert the second tooke to wife one Isabell Mure, a damsell of right excellent beautie, she was daughter to Sir Adham Mure knight, and brought foorth issue, thrée sonnes and thrée daughters. The eldest sonne hight Iohn Steward, otherwise named Robert, who succéded immediatlie after his father's deceasse in gouernance of the crowne. The second called Robert was made earle of Fife and Menteith, *also he was created duke of Alban* and ruled the *realme of Scotland vnder the name of gouernour.*

for the space of fiftéene yeares. The third sonne named Alexander was earle of Buchquhane and lord of Baudzenot. The eldest daughter was married to James that was the sonne and heire of William earle of Dowglas. The second daughter was married to Iohn Dunbar, brother to George of Dunbar earle of March, and was made to the advancement of his further fame earle of Murrey. He begot on hir one onelie daughter, that was married to the Dowglas, and so Dowglas came to the earledome of Murrey. The third daughter was married vnto Iohn Lioun, that was after made lord of Glammis.

Moreover, the foresaid Robert that was the first of the Stewards which ware the crowne in Scotland, married Ewfame daughter to the earle of Rosse, and got on hir two sonnes, Walter earle of Atholl, and David earle of Stratherne. This Walter sollicitied Robert duke of Albanie, to slee David Steward duke of Rothsae. And after that Iames the first was returned home foorth of England, hee did what he could to mooue him to slee all the linage of the said duke, still being in hope *after the dispatch* of his kinsmen to come to the *crowne* himselfe, which hope mooued him to *procure* his nephue Robert Steward, and Robert

Graham his daughter's son, to alea king Iames the first also, for the which crime the same Walter was after convicted and destroyed with all his sonnes. His brother David earle of Buchquhane died without issue, and so the lands of both these brethren returned againe to the crowne, without anie memorie of their bloud. Of Robert Steward, duke of Albanie, came duke Murdo, who married the earle of Lennox daughter, and got on hir three sonnes, Walter, Alexander, and Iames.

Duke Murdo himselfe with his two first sonnes were slaine at Striveling by king Iames the first, and the third brother Iames in reuenge thereof burnt Dumbertane, and was after chased into Ireland, where he deceased without issue. Robert the third of that name married Annabill Drommond, daughter to sir Iohn Drommond of Strobhall knight, and got on hir David and James. The first died in Falkland, and the other attained the crowne, and was called Iames the first, and married the ladie Iane daughter to Iohn Beauford earle of Summerset in England. He had by hir two sonnes borne at one birth, Alexander and James. The first died yoong, the second attained the crowne, named James the second. *Iames the first had also six daughters, of the which the*

eldest was giuen in mariage to the Dolphine of France, the second to the duke of Britaine, the third to the lord of Feir, the fourth to the lord of Dalkeith, the fift to the earle of Huntley, and the sixt had no succession. Iames the second married Margaret daughter to the duke of Gelderland, and begot on hir thrée sonnes, and two daughters.

The first succéded him in the kingdome, and was called Iames the third: the second named Alexander was duke of Albanie, and married first the earle of Orkenies daughter, and got on hir Alexander, that was afterward bishop of Murrey, and then parting with hir went into France, where he married the countesse of Bullogne, and begot on hir John Steward duke of Albanie, that was gouernor of Scotland manie yéeres in the minoritie of Iames the fift. The third sonne, Iohn Steward, was earle of Mar, whose chance was to be slaine in the Cannogat in a bathfat. The first daughter of Iames the second was married to the lord Boid, who begot on hir a sonne that was slaine by the lord Mongumrie, and a daughter that was married to the earle of Cassels. After the death of the Lord Boid, the husband of this first daughter of Iames the second, she was eft-soones married to the lord Hammliton, and by that

means was the house of the Hammiltons honored with the kings bloud. The other sister was married to the lord Creichton, of whom came small succession woorthie to be mentioned. Iames the third married Margaret daughter to the king of Denmarke. Of the which mariage was born Iames the fourth, Alexander that was bishop of saint Andrews and Duke of Albanie, and Iohn Steward earle of Mar, but these two died without issue.

Iames the fourth married Margaret daughter to king Henrie the seventh of England, and begot on hir Iames the fift, who marieng first the ladie Magdalen daughter to Francis the French king, had no issue by hir, for that she died in the yéere next after hir comming into Scotland, and then shortlie after the said Iames the fift married the ladie Marie de Lorrein, duchesse of Lonuile, a widow, and by hir had he issue Marie quéene of Scotland, that tooke to husband Henrie Steward lord Dornlie, by whom she had issue Charles Iames, now king of Scotland. But to returne unto Makbeth, in continuing the historie, and to begin where I left, ye shall vnderstand that after the contrived daughter of Banquo, nothing prospered with the fomesaid Makbeth : for in maner euerie man

began to doubt his owne life, and durst vnneth appeare in the kings presence; and euen as there were manie that stood in feare of him, so likewise stood he in feare of manie, in such sort that he began to make those awaie by one surmized cauillation or other, whome he thought most able to worke him anie displeasure.

At length he found such swéetnesse by putting his nobles thus to death, that his earnest thirst after bloud in this behalfe might in no wise be satisfied: for ye must consider he wan double profit (as hée thought) hereby: for first they were rid out of the way whome he feared, and then againe his coffers were enriched by their goods, which were forfeited to his use, whereby he might better mainteine a gard of armed men about him to defend his person from iniurie of them whome he had in anie suspicion. Further, to the end he might the more cruellie oppresse his subjects with all tyrantlike wrongs, he builded a strong castell on the top of an hie hill called Dunsinane, situate in Gowrie, ten miles from Perth, on such a proud height, that standing there aloft, a man *might behold well neere all the countries of Angus, Fife, Stermond, and Ernedale, as it were lieng vnderneath him.* This castell then being

founded on the top of that high hill, put the realme to great charges before it was finished, for all the stuffe necessarie to the building could not be brought vp without much toile and businesse. But Makbeth being once determined to haue the worke go forward, caused the thanes of each shire within the realme to come and helpe towards that building, each man his course about.

At the last, when the turne fell vnto Makduffe thane of Fife to build his part, he sent workemen with all néedfull prouision, and commanded them to shew such diligence in euerie behalfe, that no occasion might bee giuen for the king to find fault with him, in that he came not himselfe as other had doone, which he refused to doo, for doubt least the king bearing him (as he partlie vnderstood) no great good will, would laie violent hands vpon him, as he had doone vpon diuerse other. Shortlie after, Makbeth comming to behold how the worke went forward, and bicause he found not Makduffe there, he was sore offended, and said ; I perceiue this man will neuer obeie my commandements, till he be ridden with a snaffle : but I shall prouide well inough for him. Neither could he afterwards abide to looke *upon the said Makduffe*, either for that he thought *his puissance ouer great* : either else for that he had

learned of certaine wizzards, in whose words, he put great confidence (for that the prophesie had happened so right, which the thrée faries or weird sisters had declared vnto him) how that he ought to take héed of Makduffe, who in time to come would seeke to destroie him.

And surelie herevpon had he put Makduffe to death, but that a certaine witch, whome hee had in great trust, had told that he neuer should be slaine with man borne of anie woman, nor uanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castell of Dunsinane. By this prophesie Makbeth put all fear out of his heart, supposing he might do what he would, without anie fear to be punished for the same, for by the one prophesie he beléued it was vnpossible for anie man to vanquish him, and by the other vnpossible to slea him. This vaine hope caused him to doo manie outrageous things, to the gréeuous oppression of his subjects. At length Makduffe, to auoid perill of life, purposed with himselfe to passe into England, to procure Malcolme Cammore to claime the crowne of Scotland. But this was not so secretlie deuised by Makduffe, but that Makbeth *had knowledge* giuen him thereof : for kings (as is *said*) *haue sharpe sight like unto Lynx, and long ears like vnto Midas.* For Makbeth had in euerie

noble mans house, one slie fellow or other in fée with him, to reveale all that was said or doone within the same, by which slight he oppressed the most part of the nobles of his realme.

Immediatlie then, being aduertised whereabout Makduffe went, he came hastily with a great power into Fife, and foorthwith besieged the castell where Makduffe dwelled, trusting to have found him therein. They that kept the house, without anie resistance opened the gates, and suffered him to enter, mistrusting none evill. But neverthesse Makbeth most cruellie caused the wife and children of Makduffe, with all other whom he found in that castell, to be slaine. Also he confiscated the goods of Makduffe, proclaimed him traitor, and confined him out of all the parts of his realme; but Macduffe was alreadie escaped out of danger, and gotten into England vnto Malcolme Cammore, to trie what purchase hée might make by meanes of his support, to reuenge the slaughter so cruellie executed on his wife, his children, and other friends. At his coming vnto Malcolme, he declared into what great miserie the estate of Scotland was brought by the detestable cruelties exercised by the tyrant Makbeth, *hauing committed manie horrible slaughters and murders, both as wall of the nobles as commons, for*

the which he was hated right mortallie of all his liege people, desiring nothing more than to be deliuered of that intollerable and heauie yoke of thraldome which they susteined at such a caitaifes hands.

Malcolme hearing Makduffes woords, which he vttered in verie lamentable sort, for méere compassion and verie ruth that pearsed his sorrowfull hart, bewailing the miserable state of his countrie, he fetched a deepe sigh; which Makduffe perceiuing, began to fall most earnestlie in hand with him, to enterprise the deliuering of the Scotia's people out of the hands of so cruell and bloudie a tyrant, as Makbeth by too manie plaine experiments did shew himselfe to be: which was an easie matter for him to bring to passe, considering not onlie the good title he had, but also the earnest desire of the people to haue some occasion ministred, whereby they might be reuenged of those notable iniuries, which they daillie susteined by the outragious crueltie of Makbeths misgouernance. Though Malcolme was verie sorrowfull for the oppression of his countriemen the Scots, in *maner as Makduffe had declared*; yet doubting *whether he were come as one that ment vnfeinedlie as he spake, or else as sent from Makbeth to betrai*

him, he thought to have some further triall, and therevpon dissembling his mind at the first, he answered as followeth :

“ I am trulie verie sorie for the miserie chanced to my countrie of Scotland, but though I haue neuer so great affection to relieue the same, yet by reason of certeine incurable vices, which reigne in me, I am nothing méet thereto. First, such immoderate lust and voluptuous sensualitie (the abhominable founteine of all vices) followeth me, that if I were made king of Scots, I should séeke to defloure young maids and matrones in such wise that mine intemperancie should be more importable vnto you, than the bloudie tyrannie of Makbeth now is.” Héerevnto Makduffe answered : “ This suerlie is a verie euill fault, for manie noble princes and kings haue lost both lives and kingdoms for the same ; neuerthelesse there are women enow in Scotland, and therefore follow my counsell. Make thy selfe king, and I shall conueie the matter so wiselie, that thou shalt be so satisfied at thy pleasure in such secret wise, that no man shall be aware thereof.”

Then said Malcolme, “ I am also the most auaritious creature on the earth, so that if I were king, I should séeke so manie waies to get lands

and goods, that I would slea the most part of all the nobles of Scotland by surmized accusations, to the end I might inioy their lands, goods, and possessions; and therefore to show you what mischiefe may insue on you through mine vnsatiable couetousnes, I will rehearse vnto you a fable. There was a fox hauing a sore place on him ouerset with a swarme of flies, that continuallie sucked out hir bloud: and when one that came by and saw this manner, demanded whether she would haue the flies driven beside hir, she answered no: for if these flies that are already full, and by reason thereof sucke not verie egerlie, should be chased awaie, other that are emptie and fellie an hungred should light in their places, and sucke out the residue of my bloud farre more to my greivance than these, which now being satisfied doo not much annoie me. Therefore saith Malcolme, suffer me to remaine where I am, least if I atteine to the regiment of your realme, mine vnquenchable auarice may prooue such; that ye would thinke the displeasures which now grieue you, should séeme easie in respect of the vnmeasurable outrage, *which might insue through my comming amongst you.*"

Makduffe to this made answer, "how it was a

far woorse fault than the other : for auarice is the root of all mischiefe, and for that crime the most part of our kings haue béene slaine and brought to their finall end. Yet notwithstanding follow my counsell, and take vpon thee the crowne. There is gold and riches inough in Scotland to satisfie thy gréedie desire." Then said Malcolme againe, "I am furthermore inclined to dissimulation, telling of leasings and all other kinds of deceit, so that I naturallie reioise in nothing so much as to betraie and ceceive such as put anie trust or confidence in my woords. Then sith there is nothing that more becommeth a prince than constancie, veritie, truth, and iustice, with the other laudable fellowship of those faire and noble vertues which are comprehended onelie in soothfastnesse, and that lieng vtterlie ouerthroweth the same; you see how vnable I am to gouerne anie prouince or region : and therefore sith you have remedies to cloke and hide all the rest of my other vices, I pray you find shift to cloke this vice amongst the residue."

Then said Makduffe : "This yet is the woorst of all, and there I leaue thee, and therefore saie ; Oh ye vnhappy miserable Scottishmen, which are thus *scourged with so manie and sundrie calamities, each one aboue other !* Ye haue one curssed and

wicked tyrant that now reigneth ouer you, without anie right or title, oppressing you with his most bloudie crueltie. This other that hath the right to the crowne, is so replet with the inconstant behavior and manifest vices of Englishmen, that he is nothing woorthie to inioy it: for it is by his owne confession he is not onelie auaritious, and giuen to vnsatiable lust, but so false a traitor withall, that no trust is to be had vnto anie woord he speaketh. Adieu Scotland, for now I account my selfe a banished man for euer, without comfort or consolation:" and with those woords the brackish teares trickled downe his cheekes verie abundantlie.

At last, when he was readie to depart, Malcolme tooke him by the sléeve, and said: "Be of good comfort, Makduffe, for I haue none of these uices before remembred, but haue iested with thee in this manner, onelie to prooue thy mind: for diuerse times héeretofore hath Makbeth sought by this manner of meanes to bring me into his hands, but the more slow I haue shewed my selfe to condescend to thy motion and request, the more diligence shall *I use in accomplishing the same.*" Incontinentlie *héerevpon they imbraced ech other, and promising to be faithfull the one to the other, they fell in*

consultation how they might best prouide for all their businesse, to bring the same to good effect. Soone after, Makduffe repairing to the borders of Scotland, addressed his letters with secret dispatch vnto the nobles of the realme, declaring how Malcolme was confederat with him, to come hastilie into Scotland to claime the crowne, and therefore he required them, sith he was right inheritor thereto, to assist him with their powers to recouer the same out of the hands of the wrongful vsurper.

In the meane time, Malcolme purchased such fauor at king Edwards hands, that old Siward, earle of Northumberland, was appointed with ten thousand men with him to go into Scotland, to support him in this enterprise for recouerie of his right. After these newes were spread abroad in Scotland, the nobles drew into two seuerall factions, the one taking part with Makbeth, and the other with Malcolme. Héerevpon insued oftentimes sundrie bickerings, and diuerse light skirmishings : for those that were of Malcolme's side, would not ieopard to ioine with their enimies in a pight field, till his comming out of England to their support. But after that Makbeth perceiued his enimies power to increase, by such aid as came to them foorth of England with his aduersarie Malcolme, he recoiled

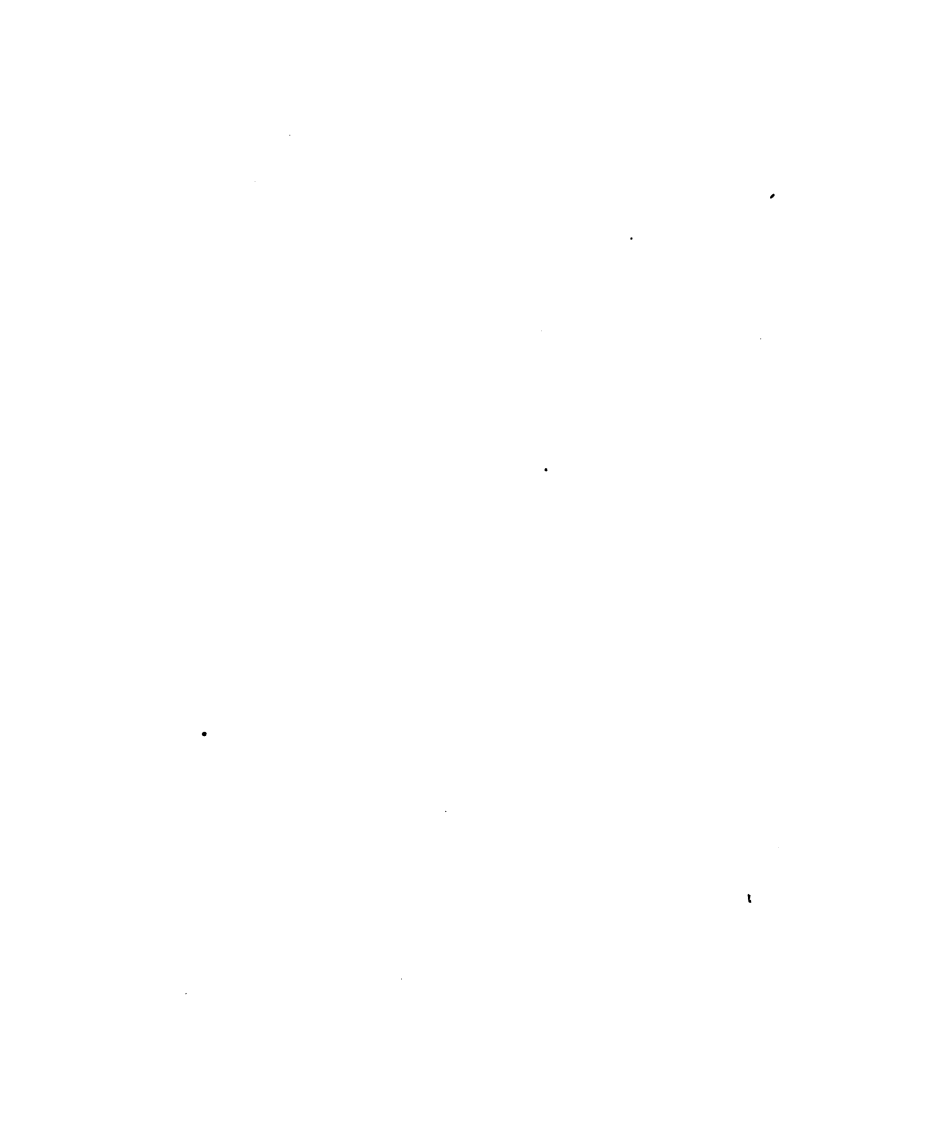
backe into Fife, there purposing to abide in campe fortified, at the castell of Dunsinane, and to fight with his enimies, if they ment to pursue him ; howbeit some of his friends aduised him that it should be best for him, either to make some agréement with Malcolme, or else to flee with all speed into the Isles, and to take his treasure with him, to the end he might wage sundrie great princes of the realme to take his part, and reteine strangers, in whome he might better trust than in his owne subjects, which stale dailie from him : but he had such confidence in his prophesies, that he beleued he should neuer be vanquished till Birnane wood were brought to Dunsinane ; nor yet to be slaine with anie man that should be or was borne of anie woman.

Malcolme following hastilie after Makbeth, came the night before the battell vnto Birnane Wood ; and when his armie had rested a while there to refresh them, he commanded euerie man to get a bough of some tree or other of that wood in his hand, as big as he might beare, and to march forth therewith in such wise, that on the next morrow they might come closelie and without sight in this manner within view of his enimies. On the morrow when Makbeth beheld them comming in this sort, *he first maruelled what the matter ment, but in*

the end remembred himselfe that the prophesie which he had heard long before that time, of the comming of Birnane wood to Dunsinane castell, was likelie to be now fulfilled. Neuerthelesse, he brought his men in order of battell, and exhorted them to doo valiantlie, howbeit his enimies had scarselie cast from them their boughs, when Makbeth perceiuing their numbers, betooke him streict to flight, whome Makduffe pursued with great hatred, euen till he came vnto Lunfannaine, where Makbeth perceiuing that Makduffe was hard at his backe, leapt beside his horsse, saieng : "Thou traitor, what meaneth it that thou shouldest thus in vaine follow me that am not appointed to be slaine by anie creature that is borne of a woman, come on therefore, and receiue thy reward which thou hast deserued for thy paines," and therewithall he lifted vp his sword thinking to haue slaine him.

But Makduffe quicklie auoiding from his horsse, yer he came at him, answered (with his naked sword in his hand) saieng : "It is true Makbeth, and now shall thine insatiable crueltie haue an end, for I am euen he that thy wizzards haue told thee of, who was neuer born of my mother, but ripped out of her wombe:" therewithall he stept vnto him, and slue him in the place. Then cutting his

head from his shoulders he set it vpon a pole, and brought it vnto Malcolme. This was the end of Makbeth, after he had reigned 17 yéeres ouer the Scottishmen. In the beginning of his reigne he accomplished manie woorthie acts, verie profitable to the commonwealth (as ye haue heard) but afterward by illusion of the diuell, he defamed the same with most terrible crueltie. He was slaine in the yéere of the incarnation, 1057, and in the 16 yéeres of king Edwards reigne ouer the Englishmen.



THE PLAYS OF
SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

HENRY MORLEY, LL.D.

HAMLET

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INTRODUCTION.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet* was first printed in quarto in 1603. That First Quarto contains a very imperfect text, which was entered by James Robertes at Stationers' Hall, on the 26th of July, 1602, as "A booke called the Revenge of Hamlett Prince Denmarke, as yt was latelie Acted by the Lord Chamberleyne his servantes." The text of this publication was evidently unauthorised, and is very imperfect; but it contains indications of some touches of change that must have been made soon after the piece was first put upon the stage. Thus, the names of Polonius and his servant Reynaldo appear in this First Quarto as Corambis and Montano, and it is to be inferred, also from its text, that there may have been some early readjustment of the lights and shades of character. James Robertes, who entered the book for publication, seems to have transferred his responsibility to N[icholas] L[ing], for whom and for John Trundell the First Quarto was printed; and a really good text of the play was afterwards obtained and printed in 1604, for N[icholas] L[ing] by I[ames] R[obertes?]. The text of this Second Quarto, when collated with that of the first edition of Shakespeare's collected plays, published in 1623 by his fellow-players, Heminge and Condell, the edition known as the First Folio, practically assures to us the whole play as Shakespeare left it. The Second Quarto contains passages that are omitted in the First Folio, and the First Quarto helps now and then to settle a reading. There were three

other quartos; one in 1605, one undated [1607?], and one in 1611.

The text of the present edition of *Hamlet* has been freshly compared throughout with the texts of the First and Second Quarto and of the First Folio, this being the first of a series of interspersed volumes, through which the editor hopes to include in THE NATIONAL LIBRARY his own edition of Shakespeare's Plays. Each play will be in a handy volume by itself, giving what the editor believes to be the nearest attainable approach to Shakespeare's text. The only sources of the modern text of a play of Shakespeare's are the quartos in which some of them appeared before their collection, and the folio into which they were collected, seven years after Shakespeare's death, by friends of his who had access to the play-house copies. Printed books of their days abounded in *errata*, which were added to whatever faults there might be in the copy printed from. A prudent editor has, therefore, to avoid much risk of injuring the text with new corruptions of his own.

The text here given was obtained in this manner, which may be taken to represent the degree of attention that will be given to the text of future volumes. The play was first printed from the text of Professor Delius; it was then minutely compared with the texts of the First and Second Quarto and the Folio, and with the text of Dyce's last edition, which is, on the whole, the best yet issued. In one place an omitted line has been inserted; in one place a superfluous conjectural addition to the text, although it has been generally adopted, is struck out. In one place where there is an unquestionable misprint, "disasters in the sun," which various editors have sought in various unsatisfactory ways to correct, one more attempt has been made to *give, if not the true reading, the true sense*. Where a *preceding* correction is adopted, the adoption will, in *all the little books of the plays of Shakespeare that appear from time to time among the volumes of the*

NATIONAL LIBRARY, mean that the correction has been freshly considered and accepted. Where a change of word is not adopted, and the original text is fallen back upon, it means, and will mean, either that the present Editor takes the word in the original text to be the right word, or the error in the original to be one that has not yet been finally corrected. In all cases of doubt as to the value of corrections, the original text will be preferred. But while in such matters conservative, these little books will not be found conservative of that overload of punctuation with which many editors have destroyed the pliancy and often the sense of Shakespeare's poetry. There are here discharged from the text many of the little hooked commas that tortured it, and also the whole of that cruel apparatus of hooks through which good verse is dragged for no crimes of its own. Does any one want the printer of either prose or verse to print "hook'd" lest the reader should read "hooked"? Surely it is enough if in the few cases where there is any variation from usage that is indicated by an accent, and in all other respects the verse of Shakespeare is left to be read as we read verse of Tennyson, or any other poet of the present day. The old butcherly array of hooks across a poet's lines remains to us now only as a superstition of the past in books that, by inadvertence, are still left, as Shakespeare has hitherto been left, encumbered with such useless furniture.

If life and health suffice to the completion of the plan here sketched, the series of the plays will be followed by three or four volumes of selected and original Notes. But the Introduction to each play will endeavour only to assist enjoyment of it as a whole.

The story of Hamlet actually originates in an old Danish Saga, which found its way, in 1570, from Saxo Grammaticus into the fifth volume of *Histoires tragiques*, by François de Belleforest, as a tale showing *avec quelle ruse Amleth, qui depuis fut roy de*

Dannemarch, vengea la mort de son père Horvendille, occis par Fengon son frère, et autre occurrence de son histoire. An English version of the tale in Belleforest appeared as the *Historie of Hamlet*; and it was also made into an English play, now lost, that preceded Shakespeare's. This must have served as a starting point for Shakespeare's invention. In an epistle by Thomas Nash, before Robert Greene's novel of "Menaphon," in 1589, there is an allusion to the shifty playwrights, who from English Seneca may draw "whole *Hamlets*, I should say handfulls of tragical speeches;" and in the Diary of Henslowe, the actor, there is mention of a *Hamlet* represented, June 9th, 1594, in the theatre at Newington Butts, which was an old play, from which Henslowe only got eight shillings for his share of the proceeds.

Shakespeare's play opens with watch over the sea against attack by Fortinbras for the recovery of land lost thirty years before, when the father of Fortinbras, the King of Norway, lost the land, and with it his life, wagered by him in duel with the father of Hamlet. The time elapsed since that duel, which was on the day of Hamlet's birth, is precisely told in the fifth act (pages 166-7), where the grave-digger says that he became a grave-digger "that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras," which was "the very day that young Hamlet was born," and presently adds "I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years." Thus Shakespeare clearly fixes Hamlet's age as thirty. Young Fortinbras can hardly be younger, since his father was killed on the day of Hamlet's birth. He can only think of him as a young child when his father succeeded to rule in Norway, according to old usage (illustrated also in *Macbeth*) that set direct succession if the king's son was not of age a leader of the people. But Hamlet was a young man, though not in action, when he left his father to take the throne.

Throughout the play, Fortinbras serves as a foil to Hamlet. Fortinbras is a man of action, who thinks little; Hamlet is a man of the highest intellectual culture, in whom thought is ever busy; in whom

“The native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.”

At the opening of the play there is stir of warlike preparation in Denmark, and strict watch against the sudden energies of Fortinbras, who is expected to make a bold dash for the lands his father lost. Into the midst of the watch comes one from the other world, to give Hamlet something that he must not only think upon, but *do*. As Shakespeare reads life, every one who has come to manhood has to do his work. In youth we prepare for our work; but after we have entered on life’s active duties all study is but the care to keep our arms from rusting, arms that we have daily to use. Hamlet, when the play opens, has only been drawn from his enjoyment of the studious university life by his father’s sudden death, followed within a month by his uncle’s marriage with his mother. When the play opens he is still at Elsinore, his father “but two months dead; nay, not so much, not two,” and his mother had married

“Within a month,—
Let me not think on’t. Frailty, thy name is woman.”

His mother’s marriage pains him yet more than his father’s death. When he hears of his father’s spirit in arms, his thought flashes at once to suspicion of his uncle. The spirit confirms his suspicion. He has no doubt that it is *his* duty to avenge the murder of his father. But, in the first conviction, he plans already *simulation of madness* that shall give him opportunities of secret observation.

"As I perhaps hereafter shall think meet,
To put an antic disposition on."

The device is that of a mind already "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Had Fortinbras been summoned to action, the king would have been dead in an hour. When, later in the play, by the killing of Polonius, Laertes, who serves also as a contrast to Hamlet, is in Hamlet's position, with a father killed he is back from Paris in a whirlwind, beating at the palace gates. But at the close of the first act, Hamlet's exclamation, after he has learnt his duty is,

"The time is out of joint : O, curséd spite,
That ever I was born to set it right."

No man healthily active would in Hamlet's position either have felt it necessary to break from the woman whom he deeply loved, or to use the tricks of a feigned madness to cover self-indulgence in a long, last farewell look. Time passes, and much is thought and felt but nothing done. When the players come, to whom as delighting him with shadows of action, he had been a good patron at the University, and when one of the players loses himself in the griefs of Hecuba, Hamlet reproaches himself with self-comparison.

"What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have?"

"About my brains!" is the result; and still only brain works. The spirit may have been the devil's pleasing shape. Hamlet will put its truth to test; the device of the play, in which the King shall see image of his crime.

"If his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damnéd ghost that we have seen."

unkennel itself. Hamlet absolutely

uncle's guilt; but it is by a method that reveals his knowledge to his uncle, whom an evil conscience had made eager to discover whether some such knowledge did not lie at the root of Hamlet's change of manner. And now, why does not Hamlet kill the King? An easy opportunity offers. But his mind is again too busy; he refrains out of no spirit of mercy, but because he cannot kill the King enough. The King is praying. Killed now, he might find heaven. Hamlet will wait till he can kill more perfectly, body and soul. And two months have now slipped by since Hamlet undertook his duty. This is marked by a passage in the play scene. "How cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within two hours." *Ophelia*. "Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord." At the beginning of the play, it was "Nay, not two months, not two." The King, who has learnt from Hamlet the danger to himself, loses no time, though Hamlet still delays. Hamlet allows himself to be shipped off to England, with secret orders for his execution there. While he is still thus passive, he sees the forces of young Fortinbras, whose preparation against Denmark has been diverted to the Polack, pass over a plain before him, and again has clear intellectual sense of his own fault. He can tell himself what the play tells to us all, that—

"He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and God-like reason
To fust in us unused."

All deeds of Hamlet are by action without premeditation. By sudden impulse he stabs Polonius behind the arras, without time even to give full birth to the thought that he may be killing the King. No thinking of his could possibly have foreseen or brought the pirate ship that came into engagement with the ship carrying him to England; and it was not even with design so to return to Denmark that he leapt to the other deck as the ships grappled for action.

But when he had returned he was again passive. He accepted passively the challenge to the fencing match, and when he at last did kill his own and his father's murderer, it was by action on the impulse of the moment. It was done rashly, as Hamlet said to Horatio of an act of his on board the ship; and Hamlet's comment on this rashness has in it the soul of the play—

“Let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves as well
When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us,
There 's a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough hew them how we will.”

How many Hamlets are there in the world with intellectual power for large usefulness, who wait, day by day and year by year, in hope to do more perfectly what they live to do; die, therefore, and leave their lives unused: while men of lower power, prompt for action, are content and ready to do what they can, well knowing that at the best they can only rough hew, but in humble trust that leaves to God the issues of the little service they may bring. It is a last touch to the significance of this whole play that at its close the man whose fault is the reverse of Hamlet's—the man of ready action, though it be with little thought, the stir of whose energies was felt in the opening scene—re-enters from his victory over the Polack, and the curtain falls on Fortinbras, King.

H. M.

IUS, *King of Denmark.*
 T, *Son to the former,*
Nephew to the present

IO, *Friend to Hamlet.*
 US, *Lord Chamberlain.*
 S, *his Son.*

LAND,
 IUS,
 RANTZ,
 ENSTERN

Courtiers.

leman,

st.

LUB, } *Officers.*

EDO, }

SOO, *A Soldier.*

EDO, *Servant to Polo-*

A Captain.

English Ambassadors.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

FORTINBRAS, *Prince of Nor-*
way.

Players.

Two Clowns, Grave-diggers.

GERTRUDE, *Queen of Den-*
mark, and Mother to Ham-
let.

OPHELIA, *Daughter to Polo-*
nus.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Sol-
diers, Sailors, Messengers,
and Attendants.

F—ELSIOR ; *except in the fourth scene of the fifth act,*
where it is a PLAIN IN DENMARK.

NE I.—Elsinore. A Platform before the
 Castle.

ISOO, *a sentinel.* BERNARDO *enters to relieve*
him.

Who's there ?

Nay, answer me : stand, and unfold your
 self

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'T is now struck twelve: get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks: 't is bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand! Who's there?

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dan

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier: who has relieved you?

Fran. Bernardo has my place. Give you good night. [A]

— Bernardo!

Ber. Say,—
What! is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar. What, has this thing appeared again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us,—
Therefore, I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush! 't will not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile,
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yond same star, that's westward from the
pole
Had made his course to illume that part of
heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself
The bell then beating one,—

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace! break thee off: look, where it
comes again!

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it,
Horatio.

Hor. Most like!—It harrows me with fear and
wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of
night,

Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by Heaven I charge thee,
speak!

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See, it stalks away!

Hor. Stay! speak, speak, I charge thee, speak!

[*Exit Ghost*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble and look
pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy !
What think you on 't ?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe.
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king ?

Hor. As thou art to thyself.

Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated.
So frowned he once when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
T is strange !

Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead
hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know
not ;

But in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that
knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land ?
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war ?
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose work
task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week !
 What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
 Doth make the night joint-labourer with the
 day !

Who is 't that can inform me !

Hor.

That can I ;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
 Whose image even but now appeared to us,
 Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
 Thereto pricked on by a most emulate pride,
 Dared to the combat ; in which our valiant
 Hamlet—

For so this side of our known world esteemed
 him—

Did slay this Fortinbras ; who, by a sealed com-
 pact

Well ratified by law and heraldry,
 Did forfeit with his life all those his lands
 Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror :
 Against the which, a moiety competent
 Was gag'd by our king, which had returned
 To the inheritance of Fortinbras
 Had he been vanquisher ; as, by the same comart
And carriage of the article designed,

*His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
 Of unimprov'd mettle hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,*

Sharped up a list of lawless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in 't, which is no other—
As it doth well appear unto our state—
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsative, those 'foresaid lands
So by his father lost. And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think, it be no other, but e'en so :
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes arméd through our watch, so like the
king

That was, and is, the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted
dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets,
And stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
Disastrous omen gave ; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse :
And even the like precursor of fierce events—
As harbingers preceding still the fates.

And prologue to the omen coming on—
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft ! behold ! lo, where it comes again !
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion,
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me ! *[It spreads its arms.*
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me !
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak !
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
[The cock crows.
Speak of it, stay, and speak !—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan ?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber.

'T is here !

Hor.

'T is here !

Mar. 'T is gone !

[Exit Ghost.

*We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence ;*

For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day ; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine ; and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long :
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad ;
The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill,
Break we our watch up ; and, by my advice,
*Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet ; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.*

Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty ?

Mar. Let's do 't, I pray ; and I this morning
know

Where we shall find him most convenient.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State.

*Flourish. Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET,
POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS,
Lords, and Attendants.*

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's
death

The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe ;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore, our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 't were with a defeated joy,—
With an auspicious and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barred

Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: for all, our thanks.
Now follows that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleaguéd with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is. We have here

writ

To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait herein, in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject: and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow.
Farewell; and let your haste commend your
duty.

Cer., Vol. In that, and all things, will we show
our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing : heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you ?
You told us of some suit ; what is't, Laertes ?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane
And lose your voice : what wouldst thou beg,
Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking ?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes ?

Laer. Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France ;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward
France

And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave ? What
says Polonius ?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow
leave

Br Laboursome petition ; and, at last.

Upon his will I sealed my hard consent :

I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be
thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy will.—

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. [*Aside.*] A little more than kin, and less
than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on
you ?

Ham. Not so, my lord ; I am too much i' the
sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not for ever with thy vailéd lids

Seek for thy noble father in the dust :

Thou know'st, 't is common ; all that lives must
die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen.

If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee ?

Ham. Seems, madam ! nay, it is ; I know not
'seems.'

'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother.

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of forced breath.

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly : these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play :
But I have that within, which passeth show ;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your
nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father :
But you must know your father lost a father ;
That father lost, lost his ; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow : but to perséver
In obstinate condolément, is a course
Of impious stubbornness ; 't is unmanly grief ;
It shows a will most incorrect to Heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschooled :
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart ? Fie ! 't is a fault to Heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,

'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to
earth

This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father : for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne ;
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire ;
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers,
Hamlet :

I pray thee, stay with us ; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 't is a loving and a fair reply :
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come ;
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart : in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit
again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[Flourish. Exeunt all, but HAMLET.]

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would
melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew ;
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! O God !
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world !
Fie on 't ! Ah fie ! 't is an unweeded garden
That grows to seed ; things rank and gross in
nature

Possess it merely. That it should come to this !
But two months dead,—nay, not so much, not
two !

So excellent a king ; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr ; so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !
Must I remember ? why, she would hang on
him

As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on ; and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't,—Frailty, thy name is
woman !—

A little month ; or e'er those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears ;—why she, even she—
O God ! a beast, that wants discourse of reason.

Would have mourn'd longer—married with my
uncle ;

My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules ; within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her gall'd eyes,
She married :—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets !
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good :
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue !

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.

Hor. Hail to your lordship !

Ham. I am glad to see you well :
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant
ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend ; I'll change that
name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio ?—
Marcellus ?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you.—[*To BERNARDO.*] Good even, sir.—

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg ?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so :

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself : I know, you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore ?
We 'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's
funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-
student ;

I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio ! the funeral baked
meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio !—

My father,—methinks I see my father—

Hor. O, where, my lord ?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.—

Hor. I saw him once : he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw, who ?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father

Hor. Season your admiration for a while

With an attent ear, till I may deliver
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered : a figure like your father,
Arméd at point, exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them : thrice he
walked

By their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length ; whilst they,
distilled

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did ;
And I with them the third night kept the watch :
Where, as they had delivered, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father .
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this ?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we
watched.

Ham. Did you not speak to it ?

Hor. My lord, I did ;
But answer made it none ; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak ;
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanished from our sight.

Ham. 'T is very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honoured lord, 't is true ;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles
me.

Hold you the watch to-night ?

Mar., Ber. We do, my lord.

Ham. Armed, say you ?

Mar., Ber. Armed, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe !

Mar., Ber. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then, saw you not his face ?

Hor. O ! yes, my lord ; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, looked he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in
anger.

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fixed his eyes upon ye

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Staid it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell
a hundred.

Mar., Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw 't.

Ham. His beard was grizzled? no!

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silvered.

Ham. I will watch to-night:

Perchance, 't will walk again.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto concealed this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves; as mine to you: Farewell.

[*Exeunt* HORATIO,

ILLUS. and BERNARDO

My father's spirit—in arms ;—all is not well ;
I doubt some foul play : 'would; the night were
come !
Till then, sit still, my soul.—Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's
eyes. [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in the House of POLONIUS.

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessities are embarked : farewell ;
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that ?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood ;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute ;
No more.

Oph. No more but so ?

Laer. Think it no more.

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk ; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now ;

And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirsch
The virtue of his will : but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own ;
For he himself is subject to his birth :
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself ; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of this whole state ;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then, if he says he loves
you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he, in his particular act and place,
May give his saying deed ; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmastered importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon ;
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes ;
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed .

And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then ; best safety lies in fear :
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Op'h. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads
And recks not his own rede.

Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long,—but here my father comes :

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace ;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes ! aboard, aboard, for
shame !
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stayed for. There,—my blessing
with thee ;

[*Laying his hand on LAERTES' head.*

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou charácter. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar :

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged courage. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,
Bear 't that the opposéd may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice ;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be ;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine own self be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee !

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you : go, your servants attend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia ; and remember well
What I have said to you

Oph. 'T is in my memory locked,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [Exit.

Pol. What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you ?

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord
Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought :
'T is told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you ; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and boun-
teous.

If it be so, (as so 't is put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you ? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many
tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection ? pooh ! you speak like a green
girl
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them ?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should
think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you : think yourself a
baby ;

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more
dearly ;

Or, not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importuned me with
love

[In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it ; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech,
my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do
know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows : these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise as it is a-making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence :
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young ;
And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia.
Do not believe his vows ; for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments show.

But mere implorators of unholy suits
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you : come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Platform.

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now ?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed ? I heard it not : it then draws
near the season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off,
within.*

What does this mean, my lord ?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes
his rouse,

seps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels ;

And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom ?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't :

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honoured in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west
Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations :
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition ; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though performed at
height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,)
By their o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason ;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners ;—that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,

Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault : the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance often dout
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord ! it comes.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend
us :—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from
hell,

Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee : I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane : O answer me,
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell,
Why thy canónised bones, hearséd in death,
Have burst their cerements ; why the sepulchr
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urned,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,

Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls !

Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we
do? [The Ghost beckons.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground :
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak : then will I follow
it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the
fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself ?
It waves me forth again :—I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my
lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness? think of it :
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain

That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still :—go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be ruled ; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—

[*The Ghost beckons.*
Still am I called.—Unhand me, gentlemen,—

[*Breaking from them.*
By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets
me :—

I say, away !——Go on, I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow ; 't is not fit thus to obey
him.

Hor. Have after. To what issue will this
come ?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Den-
mark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—A more remote Part of the Platform.

Enter Ghost and HAMLET.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go
no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not; but lend thy serious
hearing

To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt
hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am
forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word

Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their
spheres,

Thy knotted and combinéd locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine ;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O list !—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O God !

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural
murder.

Ham. Murder ?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this, most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings
as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt :

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,
hear.

*T is given out, that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me ; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forgéd process of my death*

Rankly abused ; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul !
My uncle !

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate
beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce !—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there !
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage ; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine !
But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel linked,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed
And prey on garbage.
But, soft ! methinks, I scent the morning air :
Brief let me be.—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of curséd hebenon in a vial

And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leperous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigour it doth possess
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood : so did it mine ;
And a most instant tetter barked about,
Most lazarus-like, with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, and queen, at once despatched ;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head :
O, horrible ! O, horrible ! most horrible !
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not ;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught : leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once !
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near.

and gins to pale his uneffectual fire :

Adieu, adieu, adieu ! remember me. [Exit.

Ham. O all you host of heaven ! O earth !—What else ?

And shall I couple hell ! O fie !—Hold, hold, my heart,

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,

But bear me stiffly up !—Remember thee !

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee !

Yea, from the table of my memory

I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,

All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past

That youth and observation copied there ;

And thy commandment all alone shall live

Within the book and volume of my brain,

Unmixed with baser matter : yes, by Heaven !

O most pernicious woman !

O villain, villain, smiling, damnéd villain !

My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain ;

At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark :

[Writing.

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word ;

It is, 'Adieu, adieu ! remember me.'

I have sworn 't.

Hor. [Within.] My lord ! my lord !

Mar. [*Within.*] Lord Hamlet !
Hor. [*Within.*] Heaven secure him !
Mar. [*Within.*] So be it !
Hor. [*Within.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord !
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy ! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is 't, my noble lord !
Hor. What news, my lord !
Ham. O wonderful !
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No ; you will reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by Heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How say you, then ; would heart of man
once think it !—
But you 'll be secret ?
Hor., Mar. Ay, by Heaven, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from
the grave,
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right ; you are in the right ;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part :

You, as your business and desire shall point
you,

For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is ; and, for my own poor part,
I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my
lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily ;
Yes, 'faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is,
Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision
here,

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you :
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster't as you may. And now, good
friends,

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord ? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen
to-night.

Hor., Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham.

Nay, but swear't.

Hor.

In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. In deed, upon my sword, in deed.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so! art thou there, true-penny?

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have
seen,

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. *Hic et ubique!* then we'll shift our
ground.—

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword:

Never to speak of this that you have heard,

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the
earth so fast!

A worthy pioner!—Once more remove, good
friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous
strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come ;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antick disposition on,—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumbered thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, 'Well, well, we know ;'—or, 'We could, an
if we would ;'—

Or, 'If we list to speak ;'—or, 'There be, an if
they might ;'—

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me :—this not to do,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you,

Swear.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit !—So, gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you :

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do to express his love and friending to you.

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint : O curséd spite,
That ever I was born to set it right !
Nay, come, let's go together. [Exe

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in the House of POLONIUS

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said : very well said. Look you, sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris ;
And how, and who, what means, and where
keep,

What company, at what expense ; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more
nearer

Than your particular demands will touch it :
Take you, as 't were, some distant knowledge of
him,

As thus,—‘ I know his father, and his friends,
And, in part, him : ’—do you mark this, Rey-
naldo ?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. ‘—and, in part, him ; but,’ you may say,
‘ not well :

But if 't be he I mean, he's very wild,
Addicted so and so ; ’—and there put on him
What forgeries you please,—marry, none so
rank

As may dishonour him : take heed of that ;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing : you may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. 'Faith, no ; as you may season it in the
charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency ;
That's not my meaning : but breathe his faults so
quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaiméd blood,
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this ?

Rey. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift ;

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant ;
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 't were a thing a little soiled i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assured,
He closes with you in this consequence :—
'Good sir,' or so ; or 'friend,' or 'gentle-
man,'—

According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man, and country—

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—he does—

What was I about to say ?—By the mass, I was
About to say something :—where did I leave ?

Rey. At 'closes in the consequence,'
At 'friend or so,' and 'gentleman.'

Pol. At 'closes in the consequence,'—ay, marry :
He closes with you thus ;—' I know the gentle-
man ;

I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,
Or then, or then, with such or such, and, as you
say,

There was he gaming ; there o'ertook in 's rouse ;
There falling out at tennis ;' or, perchance,
' I saw him enter such a house of sale,'

Videlicet, a brothel,—or so forth.—

See you now ;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth :

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlases and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out :

So, by my former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son. You have me, have you not ?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God buy ye ; fare ye well.

Rey. Good my lord !

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey.

Well, my lord.

Pol. Farewell!

[*Exit* REYNALDO.

Enter OPHELIA.

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter!

Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, i' the name of God?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbraced;
No hat upon his head; his stockings fouled,
Ungartered, and down-gyvvéd to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been looséd out of hell
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;

But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol.

What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me
hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,

He falls to such perusal of my face

As he would draw it. Long stayed he so:

At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,

and thrice his head thus waving up and down.—

He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being. That done, he lets me go :
And, with his head over his shoulder turned,
He seemed to find his way without his eyes ;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And to the last bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me : I will go seek the
king.

This is the very ecstasy of love,
Whose violent property fordoes itself
And leads the will to desperate undertakings
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry—
What, have you given him any hard words of
late ?

Oph. No, my good lord ; but, as you did com-
mand,

I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.—
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted him : I feared he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee ; but, beshrew my
jealousy !

*By heaven, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions*

As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king :
This must be known, which, being kept close,
might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
Come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN,
and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guilden-
stern !

Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation ; so I call it,
Since not the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put
him

So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of : I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with
him

And since so neighboured to his youth and humor
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court

Some little time ; so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasions you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, opened, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talked of
you ;

And, sure I am, two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey ;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent
To lay our services freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guilden-
stern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosen-
crantz :

And I beseech you instantly to visit

My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him !

Queen.

Ay, Amen !

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and
some Attendants.]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good
lord,
Are joyfully returned.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good
news.

Pol. Have I, my lord ? Assure you, my good
liege,

I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king ;
And I do think—or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do—that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O ! speak of that ; that do I long to
hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors ;
[*news* shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them
in.— [*Exit POLONIUS.*

He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath
found

The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main,—
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—

*Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and
CORNELIUS.*

Welcome, my good friends.

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Nor
way?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appeared
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,
But, better looked into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat grieved,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give th' assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee.

And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack :
With an entreaty, herein further shown,

[*Giving a paper.*]

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King.

It likes us well ;

And, at our more considered time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business :
Meantime, we thank you for your well-took
labour.

Go to your rest ; at night we'll feast together :
Most welcome home !

[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS

Pol.

This business is well ended.—

My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is
time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and
time.

Therefore, since brevity's the soul of wit.

And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad :
Mad call I it ; for, to define true madness.

What is 't, but to be nothing else but mad ?

But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.

That he is mad, 't is true : 't is true 't is pity ;

And pity 't is 't is true.—A foolish figure :

But farewell it, for I will use no art.

Mad let us grant him, then ; and now remains,

That we find out the cause of this effect ;

Or rather say, the cause of this defect,

For this effect defective comes by cause :

Thus it remains, and the remainder thus

Perpend.

I have a daughter ; have, whilst she is mine ;

Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,

Hath given me this : now gather, and surmise :

—' To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia,'—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase : ' beautified ' is a vile phrase ; but you shall hear.—Thus :

' In her excellent-white bosom, these,' &c.—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her ?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile ; I will be faithful—

[*Reads.*] ' Doubt thou the stars are fire ;

Doubt, that the sun doth move :

Doubt truth to be a liar ;

But never doubt, I love.

'O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I have not art to reckon my groans ; but that I love thee best, O, most best, believe it. Adieu.

'Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, HAMLET.'

This in obedience hath my daughter showed me ;
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King.

But how hath she

Received his love ?

Pol.

What do you think of me ?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might
you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,—
As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,—what might you,
Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,
If I had played the desk, or table-book,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb ;
Or looked upon this love with idle sight :

What might you think ? No, I went round to work.

And my young mistress thus I did bespeak :

'Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy star ;

This must not be : ' and then I precepts gave
her,

That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice ;
And he, repulséd,—a short tale to make,—
Fell into a sadness ; then into a fast ;
Thence to a watch ; thence into a weakness ;
Thence to a lightness ; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think 't is this ?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know
that,

That I have positively said, ' 'T is so,'
When it proved otherwise ?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. [*Pointing to his head and body.*] Take
this from this, if this be otherwise.

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further ?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours
together

Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him :

Be you and I behind an arras then ;
Mark the encounter : if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch
comes reading.

Pol. Away ! I do beseech you, both away :
I'll board him presently :—O ! give me leave.—
[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and Attendants.*]

Enter HAMLET, reading.

How does my good Lord Hamlet ?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord ?

Ham. Excellent well ; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord ?

Ham. Ay, sir : to be honest, as this world goes,
is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead

dog, being a god kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter ?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun : conception is a blessing ; but not as your daughter may conceive.—Friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that ?—[*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughter :—yet he knew me not at first ; he said, I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far gone : and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love ; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord ?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord ?

Ham. Between who ?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir : for the satirical slave says here, that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams : all of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down ; for yourself, sir, shall grow old as I am : if like a crab you could go backward

Pol. [*Aside.*] Though this be madness, yet there's

method in 't.—Will you walk out o' the air, my lord ?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—[*Aside.*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are ! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal : except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools !

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet ; there he is.

Ros. [To POLONIUS.] God save you, sir !

[*Exit* POLONIUS]

Guil. Mine honoured lord !—

Ros. My most dear lord !

Ham. My excellent good friends ! How dost thou, Guildenstern ? Ah, Rosencrantz ! Good lads, how do ye both ?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy ;
On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe ?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the
middle of her favours ?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune ? O ! most
true ; she is a strumpet. What news ?

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown
honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near ; but your news
is not true. Let me question more in particular :
what have you, my good friends, deserved at the
hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison
hither ?

Guil. Prison, my lord ?

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one ; in which there are many
confiners, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one
of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 't is none to you ; for there is
nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it
so : to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros., Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it

o visitation ! Come, come ; deal justly with me :
ne, come ; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord ?

Ham. Why, anything, but to the purpose. You
re sent for ; and there is a kind of confession in
ur looks, which your modesties have not craft
ough to colour ; I know, the good king and queen
ve sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord ?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me
ajure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the
asonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our
er-preserved love, and by what more dear a
tter proposer could charge you withal, be even
d direct with me, whether you were sent for
no.

Ros. What say you ?

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you.—If you
e me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why ; so shall my anticipa-
n prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to
king and queen moult no feather. I have of
e—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth,
gone all custom of exercises ; and, indeed, it goes
heavily with my disposition, that this goodly
e, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory ;

this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appeareth no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man ! how noble in reason ! how infinite in faculty ! in form and moving how express and admirable ! in action how like an angel ! in apprehension how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals ! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust ? man delights not me ;—no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, man delights not me ?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you ; we coted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome ; his Majesty shall have tribute of me : the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target ; the lover shall not sigh gratis ; the humorous man shall end his part in peace ; the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the mere ; and the

lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages—so they call them—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players—as it is most like, if their means are not better—their writers do them wrong.

to make them exclaim against their own succession ?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides ; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy : there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible ?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away ?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord ; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange ; for my uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come, then ; the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony ; let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward should more appear like entertainment than you

You are welcome ; but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord ?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west : when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

Re-enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen !

Ham. Mark you, Guildenstern ;—and you too ;—at each ear a hearer : that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swathing-clouts.

Ros. Happily he's the second time come to them ; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players ; mark it.—You say right, sir : o' Monday morning : 't was then indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz !

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem

unlimited : Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. 'O Jephthah, judge of Israel,' what a treasure hadst thou !

Pol. What treasure had he, my lord ?

Ham. Why,

 'One fair daughter, and no more,
 The which he loved passing well.'

Pol. [*Aside.*] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah ?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord ?

Ham. Why,

 'As by lot, God wot,'

and then, you know,

 'It came to pass, as most like it was,'—
the first row of the pious chanson will show you more ; for look, where my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters ; welcome all.—I am glad to see thee well :—welcome, good friends.—O, my old friend, why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last : com'st thou to beard me in Denmark ?

—What! my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see: we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 *Play*. What speech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 't was caviare to the general: but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 't was *Æneas'* tale to Dido; and *thereabout* of it especially, where he speaks of *Priam's slaughter*:—if it live in your memory, begin *at this line*:—let me see, let me see:—

'The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian
beast,'

—'t is not so :—it begins with Pyrrhus :—

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couchéd in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion
smeared

With heraldry more dismal ; head to foot
Now is he total gules ; horridly tricked
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters
sons,

Baked and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damnéd light
To their vile murders : roasted in wrath and
fire,

And thus o'er-sizéd with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.'—

So, proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken ; with good
accent, and good discretion.

1 *Play.* 'Anon he finds him

Striking too short at Greeks ; his antique
sword,

Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command. Unequal matched.

Pyrrhus at Priam drives ; in rage, strikes
wide ;

But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnervéd father falls. Then senseless
Ilium,

Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base ; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear : for, lo, his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seemed i' th' air to stick :
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood ;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region : so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Arouséd vengeance sets him new a-work ;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars his armour, forged for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding
sword

Now falls on Priam.—

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune ! All you
gods,

In general synod, take away her power ;

Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of
heaven,

As low as to the fiends !'

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—
Prythee say on:—he's for a jig, or a tale of
bawdry, or he sleeps.

Say on : come to Hecuba.

1 Play. ' But who, O, who had seen the mobled
queen '—

Ham. The mobled queen !

Pol. That's good ; mobled queen is good.

1 Play. ' Run barefoot up and down, threatening
the flames

With bisson rheum ; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood ; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teeméd loins
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up ;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pro-
nounced ;

But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made—
Unless things mortal move them not at all—

Would have made milch the burning eyes of
heaven,

And passion in the gods.'

Pol. Look, whe'er he has not turned his colour,
and has tears in 's eyes!—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the
rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the
players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be
well used; for they are the abstract and brief
chronicles of the time: after your death you were
better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while
you lived.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their
desert.

Ham. God's bodikin, man, much better: use
every man after his desert, and who should scape
whipping? Use them after your own honour and
dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is
in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-
morrow. [*Exit POLONIUS, with all the Players ex-
cept the First.*] Dost thou hear me, old friend? can
you play the Murder of Gonzago?

1 Play. Ay my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could,
for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen

lines, which I would set down and insert in 't, could you not ?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord ; and look you mock him not. [*Exit First Player.*] My good friends [*to Ros. and GUIL.*], I 'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord !

Ham. Ay, so, God bye to you.—

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I !
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his whole conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wanned ;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit ? and all for nothing !
For Hecuba !

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her ? What would he
do

*Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have ? He would drown the stage with
tears,*

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech ;

Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant ; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing ; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damned defeat was made. Am I a coward ?
Who calls me villain ? breaks my pate across ?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face ?
Tweaks me by the nose ? gives me the lie i' the
throat,

As deep as to the lungs ? Who does me this ?
Ha !

'Swounds ! I should take it : for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain !
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless vil-
lain !

O, vengeance !

Why, what an ass am I ! This is most brave ;
That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,

And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion !

Fie upon 't! foh ! About, my brain !—I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions ;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
players

Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle : I'll observe his looks ;
I'll tent him to the quick : if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil : and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape ; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this :—the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Castle.

*Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSEN.
CRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

King. And can you, by no drift of conference,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy ?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted ;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well ?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question ; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime ?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way : of these we told
him ;

And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it. They are about the court ;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. "Tis most true :
And he beseeched me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart ; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclined.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too ;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 't were by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia.
Her father, and myself,—lawful espials,—
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge ;
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you.—
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause

Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope, your
virtues

Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

[*Exit* QUEEN.]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please
you,

We will bestow ourselves.—[*To* OPHELIA.] Read
on this book,

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much proved, that, with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. [*Aside.*] O! 'tis too true!

How smart a lash that speech doth give my con-
science!

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word.
O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my
lord. [*Exeunt* KING and POLONIUS]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:—

Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them ?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more :—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep :—
To sleep ! perchance to dream :—ay, there's the
rub ;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may
come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of
time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,

*But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country, from whose bow
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will.*

And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of ;
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now !
The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered.

Oph.

Good my lord,

How does your honour for this many a day ?

Ham. I humbly thank you ; well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver ;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham.

No, not I ;

I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honoured lord, you know right well you
did ;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich : their perfume
lost,

Take these again ; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha ! are you honest ?

Oph. My lord !

Ham. Are you fair ?

Oph. What means your lordship ?

Ham. That if you be honest, and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty ?

Ham. Ay, truly ; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness : this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me ; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it : I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery, why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners ! I am myself indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious ; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time act them in. What should such fellows as I do *wling between earth and heaven* ? We are

arrant knaves, all ; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery.—Where's your father ?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens !

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry : be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery. Go, farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool ; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go ; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him !

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough : God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't : it hath made me mad. I say we will have no more marriages : those that are married already, all but one, shall live ; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. *[Exit.*

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,
sword ;

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down !
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh ;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy : O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see !

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.

King. Love ! his affections do not that way
tend ;
Nor what he spake, though it lacked form a
little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his
soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood ;
And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose
Will be some danger : which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down. He shall with speed to
England
*For the demand of our neglected tribute :
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel*

This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you
on't!

Pol. It shall do well ;—but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia !
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said ;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please,
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his griefs : let her be round with him ;
And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him ; or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so :
Madness in great ones must not unwatched go.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—A Hall in the Same.

Enter HAMLET and three of the Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue ; but if you mouth it as many of your players do, I had lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not

saw the air too much with your hand, thus ; but use all gently : for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise : I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant ; it out-herods Herod : pray you, avoid it.

1 *Play*. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor : suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature ; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature ; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve ; the censure of the which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre

of others. O, there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man; have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 *Play.* I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.—

[*Exeunt Players.*]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.—

[*Exit* POLONIUS.

Will you two help to hasten them?

Ro., *Guil.* We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt ROSENORANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

Ham. What, ho, Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be
flattered?

No; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath sealed thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him

In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king ;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death
I prythee, when thou seest that act afoot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe mine uncle : if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damnéd ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note :
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face ;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor.

Well, my lord :

If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play ; I must be
idle :

Get you a place.

*Danish march. A flourish. Enter, with his guard
carrying torches, KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS,
OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and
other Lords attendant.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet ?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed. You cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now.—[*To POLONIUS.*—My lord, you played once i' th' university, you say?

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar; I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. [*To the KING.*] O ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at OPHELIA's feet*

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap!

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs?

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God, your only jig-maker! What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within's two hours.

Oph. Nay, 't is twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens, die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year; but, by'r lady, he must build churches then, or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse whose epitaph is, "For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot."

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck. He lays him down upon a bank of flowers. She, seeing

him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in another man, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the sleeper's ears, and leaves him. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner woos the Queen with gifts: she seems loath and unwilling awhile; but in the end accepts his love. [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologus.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you will show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught. I'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,

We beg your hearing patiently. [*Exit*

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'T is brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart
gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orbéd ground ;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred banda.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and
moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done.
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must,
For women fear too much, even as they love,
And women's fear and love hold quantity,
In neither aught, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know ;
And as my love is sized, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear ;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and
shortly too ;

My operant powers their functions leave to do :
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honoured, beloved ; and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest !
Such love must needs be treason in my breast :
In second husband let me be accurst !
None wed the second, but who killed the first.

Ham. [Aside.] Wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances that second marriage
move

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love :
A second time I kill my husband dead
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what now you
speak ;
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity ;
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 't is, that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt :
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose :
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy :

Here joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
rief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
his world is not for aye; nor 't is not strange
hat even our loves should with our fortunes
change:

or 't is a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
e great man down, you mark his favourite
flies;

e poor advanced makes friends of enemies
nd hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
or who not needs shall never lack a friend;
nd who in want a hollow friend doth try,
irectly seasons him his enemy.
at, orderly to end where I begun,—
ar wills and fates do so contráry run,
hat our devices still are overthrown;
ar thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
think thou wilt no second husband wed;
it die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.
P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven
light;

ort and repose lock from me day and night;
desperation turn my trust and hope;
n anchor's cheer in prison be my scope;
uch opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
et *what I would have well*, and it destroy;

Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,—
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now?

P. King. 'T is deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me
here awhile :

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. *[Sleeps.]*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain ;
And never come mischance between us twain. *[Exit.]*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there
no offence in 't?

Ham. No, no; they do but jest, poison in jest;
no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how! Tro-
pically. This play is the image of a murder done
in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife,
Baptista. You shall see anon; 't is a knavish
piece of work: but what of that? your majesty,
and we, that have free souls, it touches us not: let
the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are a good chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands. —
Begin, murderer, leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come:—the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and
time agreeing ;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing ;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magic and dire property
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison into the Sleeper's ears.]

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for 's estate.
His name's Gonzago : the story is extant, and writ
in choice Italian. You shall see anon how the
murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What, frightened with false fire ?

Queen. How fares my lord ?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light!—away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO*]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalléd play;

For some must watch, while some must
sleep:

Thus runs the world away.

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers—if
the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with
two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me
a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very—pajock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's
word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music! come, the
recorders!

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.—
Come, some music !

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with
you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him ?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous dis-
tempered.

Ham. With drink, sir ?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more
richer to signify this to his doctor ; for, for me to
put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge
him into far more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into
some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir ;—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great
affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of
the right breed. If it shall please you to make
me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's

commandment ; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord ?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer ; my wit's diseased : but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command ; or, rather, as you say, my mother : therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then, thus she says. Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother !—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration ? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, are you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us ?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper ? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark ?

Ham. Ay, sir, but 'While the grass grows'
—the proverb is something musty.

Enter Players with recorders.

O, the recorders: let me see one.—To withdraw
with you:—Why do you go about to recover the
wind of me, as if you would drive me into a
toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my
love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you
play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. It is as easy as lying: govern these ven-
tages with your finger and thumb, give it breath
with your mouth, and it will discourse most
eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any
utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a
thing you make of me. You would play upon me;
you would seem to know my stops; you would
pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would

sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass : and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. Why do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe ? ' Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.—

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir !

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel ?

Pol. By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale ?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by-and-by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by-and-by.

Pol. I will say so. [*Exit.*

Ham. By-and-by is easily said.—Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN,

HORATIO, &c.

This is now the very witching time of night

When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes
out

Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot
blood,

And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft now, to my
Mother:—

O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural,
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—A Room in the Same.

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with
us

To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you:
I your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you.
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guil.

We will ourselves provide.

Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from noyance ; but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone ; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it ; it is a massy wheel,
Fixed on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised and adjoined ; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy
voyage ;

For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros., Guil.

We will haste us.

*[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]**Enter* POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet :
shind the arras I'll convey myself.

To hear the process : I'll warrant, she'll tax him
home ;

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege :
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King.

Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.]

O ! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven :
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder !—Pray can I not ;
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow ! Whereto serves
mercy,

But to confront the visage of offence !
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be forestall'd, ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned, being down ? Then, I'll look up :
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer

Can serve my turn! Forgive me my foul
murder!—

That cannot be ; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardoned, and retain the offence!
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
And oft 't is seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law : but 't is not so above ;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?
Try what repentance can : what can it not ?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent ?
O wretched state ! O bosom, black as death !
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged ! Help, angels ! Make assay :
Bow, stubborn knees ; and, heart with strings of
steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe !
All may be well. [Retires and kneels.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is pray-
ing ;

And now I'll do't :—and so he goes to heaven :
And so am I reveng'd ! that would be scanned :
A villain kills my father ; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread ;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as
May ;

And how his audit stands who knows save
Heaven ?

But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him. And am I, then, revenged,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage ?
No.

Up, sword ; and know thou a more horrid
hent :

When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage ;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed ;
At gaming, swearing ; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't ;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damned and
black

As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays :
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. (Exit.)

The KING rises and advances

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain
below :

Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

[*Exit*

SCENE IV.—A Room in the Same.

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay home
to him :

Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear
with,

And that your grace hath screened and stood be-
tween

Much heat and him. I 'll silence me e'en
here.

Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*Within.*] Mother, mother, mother !

Queen. I 'll warrant you ;

Fear me not : withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*POLONIUS hides himself behind the arras.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter ?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much of-
fended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me!
Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help, help, help!

Ham. How now! a rat? [*Draws.*] Dead for a ducat, dead!

[*Makes a pass through the arras.*]

Pol. [*Behind.*] O! I am slain. [*Falls, and dies.*]

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham.

Nay, I know not :

Is it the king ?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this !

Ham. A bloody deed : almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king !

Ham. Ay, lady, 't was my word

[*Lifts up the arras, and sees POLONIUS*

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell !

I took thee for thy better : take thy fortune ;

Thou find'st, to be too busy is some danger.—

Leave wringing of your hands : peace ; sit you down,

And let me wring your heart : for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff ;

If damnéd custom have not braz'd it so,

That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me ?

Ham.

Such an act

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty ;

Calls virtue, hypocrite ; takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blister there ; makes marriage vows

As false as dicers' oaths : O, such a deed,

As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words : heaven's face doth glow,
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index ?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on
this,

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on his brow :
Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband. Look you now, what
follows.

Here is your husband ; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor ? Ha, have you eyes ?
You cannot call it love ; for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,

And waits upon the judgment : and what judgment

Would step from this to this ! Sense, sure, you have,

Else could you not have motion ; but, sure, that sense

Is appoplexed : for madness would not err,

Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd

But it reserved some quantity of choice,

To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't,

That thus hath cozened you at hoodman-blind !

Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,

Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,

Or but a sickly part of one true sense,

Could not so mope.

O shame, where is thy blush ! Rebellious hell,

If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,

To flaming youth let virtue be as wax

And melt in her own fire : proclaim no shame

When the compulsive ardour gives the charge ;

Since frost itself as actively doth burn,

And reason panders will.

Queen.

O Hamlet, speak no more !

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;

And there I see such black and grain'd spots,

As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed ;
Stewed in corruption ; honeying, and making love
Over the nasty sty,—

Queen. O, speak to me no more !
These words like daggers enter in mine ears :
No more, sweet Hamlet !

Ham. A murderer, and a villain ;
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord :—a vice of kings ;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket,

Queen. No more !

Ham. A king of shreds and patches,—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards !—What would your gracious
figure ?

Queen. Alas ! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command ?
O, say !

Ghost. Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.

But, look, amazement on thy mother sits :
O, step between her and her fighting soul ;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works :
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady !

Queen. Alas, how is t with you
That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse ?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep ;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look ?

Ham. On him, on him !—Look you, how pale he
glares !

His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon
me ;

Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects : then, what I have to do
Will want true colour ; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this ?

Ham. Do you see nothing there ?

Queen. Nothing at all ; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear ?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves

Ham. Why, look you there ! look, how it steals
away !

My father, in his habit as he lived !
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal !

[*Exit Ghost.*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain :
This bodiless creation, ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy !

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not mad-
ness

That I have uttered : bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word ; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks :
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven ;
Repent what's past ; avoid what is to come ;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my
virtue ;

For in the fatness of these purpy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain !

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night : but go not to mine uncle's bed ;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night ;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence : the next more easy ;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
Either subdue the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night :
And when you are desirous to be blessed,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

[*Pointing to POLONIUS*]

I do repent : but Heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.—
I must be cruel, only to be kind :
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
One word more, good lady.

Queen.

What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:

Let the bloated king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his
mouse;

And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damned fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'T were good, you let him
know;

For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assured, if words be made of
breath

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that.

Queen.

Alack,

I had forgot: 't is so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters sealed : and my two school fellows,—

Whom I will trust, as I will adders fanged,—
They bear the mandate ; they must sweep my way
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work ;
For 't is the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar : and 't shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O, 't is most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—
This man shall set me packing !
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.—
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating k. ave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.—
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally ; HAMLET dragging in*
POLONIUS.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDEN-
STERN.

King. There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves

You must translate ; 't is fit we understand them.
Where is your son ?—

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

—Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night !

King. What, Gertrude ? How does Hamlet ?

Queen. Mad as the sea^{'s} and wind when both contend

Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, 'A rat ! a
rat !'

And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed !
It had been so with us had we been there.
His liberty is full of threats to all ;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.

Alas ! how shall this bloody deed be answered ?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrained, and out of
 haunt,
This mad young man ; but, so much was our
 love,
We would not understand what was most fit ;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone ?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath
 killed ;

O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure : he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away.

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch
But we will ship him hence ; and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho, Guildenstern !

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further
 aid.

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragged
 him :

Go, seek him out ; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we mean to
do

And what's untimely done,—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air. O, come away !
My soul is full of discord, and dismay. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Ros., Guil. [*Within.*] Hamlet ! Lord Hamlet !

Ham. What noise ? who calls on Hamlet ? O,
here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the
dead body ?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 't is
kin.

Ros. Tell us where 't is, that we may take it
thence

And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what ?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel and not
mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge !
What replication should be made by the son of a
king ?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord ?

Ham. Ay, sir ; that soaks up the king's
countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But
such officers do the king best service in the end :
he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his
jaw ; first mouthed to be last swallowed : when he
needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing
you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it : a knavish speech sleeps
in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body
is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king
is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord !

Ham. Of nothing :—bring me to him. Hide fox,
and all after

(*Exit*)

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter KING, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

[How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose !]

Yet must not we put the strong law on him :

He's loved of the distracted multitude,

Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes ;

And where 't is so, the offender's scourge is
weighed,

But never the offence. To bear all smooth and
even,

This sudden sending him away must seem

Deliberate pause : diseases desperate grown

By desperate appliance are relieved,

Or not at all.—

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now ! what hath befallen ?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestowed, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

Ros. Without, my lord ; guarded, to know your
pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern ! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper! Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten :
a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at
him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet :
we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat our-
selves for maggots : your fat king and your lean
beggar is but variable service ; two dishes, but to
one table : that's the end.

King. Alas, alas !

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath
eat of a king ; and eat of the fish that hath fed of
that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this ?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may
go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius ?

Ham. In heaven : send thither to see ; if your
messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other
place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not
within this month, you shall nose him as you go up
the stairs into the lobby.

King. [*To some Attendants.*] Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[*Exeunt Attendants*]

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial
safety,—

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee
hence

With fiery quickness ; therefore, prepare thyself
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and everything is bent
For England.

Ham. For England ?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them.—But,
come ; for England !—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother : father and mother is man
and wife, man and wife is one flesh ; and so, my
mother. Come, for England ! *[Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot ; tempt him with
speed aboard :

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.

Away, for everything is sealed and done

That else leans on the affair : pray you, make
haste,—

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

And. England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,—

As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,—thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me. Till I know 't is done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.

[Exit

SCENE IV.—A Plain in Denmark.

*Enter FORTINBRAS, a Captain, and Forces,
marching.*

For. Go, captain; from me greet the Danish
king;

Tell him that, by his license, Fortinbras
Claims the conveyance of a promised march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye;
And let him know so.

Cap.

I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on.

[*Exeunt* FORTINBRAS and Sold

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purposed, sir, I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbraa.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend
it.

Cap. Yes, 't is already garrisoned.

Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand
ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and
peace,

That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God buy you, sir.

[*Exit.*

Ros.

Will 't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.]

How all occasions do inform against me,
 And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
 If his chief good, and market of his time,
 Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.
 Sure, He, that made us with such large discourse,
 Looking before and after, gave us not
 That capability and godlike reason
 To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be
 Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
 Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
 A thought which, quartered, hath but one part
 wisdom,
 And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
 Why yet I live to say, 'This thing's to do;'
 Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and
 means,
 To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
 Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
 Led by a delicate and tender prince,
 Whose spirit, with divine ambition puffed,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
posing what is mortal and unsure
all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great

Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,
That have a father killed, a mother stained,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep ! while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds ; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain !—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth !

[*Exit*.

SCENE V.—Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.

Enter QUEEN and HORATIO.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed, distract :
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have ?

Hor. She speaks much of her father ; says, she
hears

*There's tricks i' the world ; and hema, and beats
her heart ;*

Spurns enviously at straws ; speaks things in doubt



That carry but half sense : her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection ; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts ;
Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield
 them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be
 thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
'T were good she were spoken with, for she may
 strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [*Exit HORATIO.*]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss :
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark ?

Queen. How now, Ophelia ?

Oph. [*Sings.*] *How should I your true love know
 From another one ?*

*By his cockle hat and staff,
 And his sandal shoon.*

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song ?

Oph. Say you ! nay, pray you, mark. [*Sings.*

He is dead and gone, lady,

He is dead and gone ;

At his head a grass-green turf,

At his heels a stone.

O, oh !

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark. [*Sings.*

White his shroud as the mountain snow,—

Enter KING.

Queen. Alas ! look here, my lord. [*Sings.*

Oph. Larded with sweet flowers ;

Which bewept to the grave did go,

With true-love showers.

King. How do ye, pretty lady ?

Oph. Well, God dild you ! They say, the owl was
a baker's daughter. Lord ! we know what we are, but
know not what we may be. God be at your table !

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this ; but
when they ask you what it means, say you this :

[*Sings.*

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,

All in the morning betime,

And I a maid at your window,

To be your Valentine :

*Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door ;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.*

King. Pretty Ophelia !

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an
end on 't :

*By Gis, and by Saint Charity, [Sings
Alack, and fie for shame !*

Young men will do 't, if they come to 't ;

By cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,

You promised me to wed :

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,

An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus ?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be
patient : but I cannot choose but weep, to think
they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother
shall know of it : and so I thank you for your good
counsel. Come, my coach ! Good night, ladies ; good
night, sweet ladies ; good night, good night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her close ; give her good watch,

I pray you.

[*Exit HORATIO.*

O, this is the poison of deep grief ; it springs

All from her father's death. And now, behold,

O Gertrude, Gertrude !

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain :
Next, your son gone ; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove : the people muddled,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and
whispers,
For good Polonius' death ; and we have done but
greenly,

In hugger-mugger to inter him : poor Ophelia
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment,
Without the which we are pictures or mere beasts :
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France ;
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death ;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggared,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude ! this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [A noise within.

Queen.

Alack, what noise is this !

King. Where are my Switzers ! Let them guard
the door.

Enter a Gentleman.

What is the matter ?

Gent

Save yourself, my lord :

The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord ;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, 'Choose we ; Laertes shall be king !'
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the
clouds,

'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king !'

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they
cry !

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs !

King. The doors are broke. [Noise within.

Enter LAERTES, armed ; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king ?—Sirs, stand you all
without.

Danes. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*

Laer. I thank you : keep the door.—O thou vile
king,

Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims
me bastard ;

Ories cuckold to my father ; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched
brow

Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like ?—
Let him go, Gertrude ; do not fear our person :
There's such divinity doth hedge a king
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed.—Let him go, Ger-
trude.—

Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father ?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead ! I'll not be juggled
with.

To hell, allegiance ! vows, to the blackest
devil !

Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit !
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence.

Let come what comes ; only I'll be revenged
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you ?

Laer. My will, not all the world :
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your
revenge
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and
foe,
Winner and loser ?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then ?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my
arms ;

And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
*It shall as level to your judgment pierce
As day does to your eye.*

Danes. [Within] Let her come in.
Laer. How now noise is that ?

Re-enter OPHELIA.

O heat, dry up my brains ! tears seven times
salt,

Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye !—
By Heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May !
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia !—
O heavens ! is 't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life ?
Nature is fine in love ; and, where 't is fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

*Oph. They bore him barefaced on the bier ;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny :
And in his grave rained many a tear,—*

Fare you well, my dove !

*Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade
revenge,*

It could not move thus.

*Oph. You must sing, Down a-down, an you call
him a-down-a. O, how the wheel becomes it ! It
is the false steward, that stole his master's
daughter.*

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

*Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance ;
pray you, love, remember : and there is pansies,
that's for thoughts.*

Laer. A document in madness,—thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines ;—
there's rue for you ; and here's some for me : we
may call it herb of grace o' Sundays :—O, you must
wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy :
I would give you some violets ; but they withered
all when my father died.—They say, he made a
good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph. *And will he not come again ?*

And will he not come again ?

No, no, he is dead :

Go to thy death-bed :

He never will come again.

His beard as white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll ;

He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan :

God ha' mercy on his soul !

*And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God buy
you !*

[Exit

Laer. Do you see this ? O God !

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief

Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touched, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction ; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer.

Let this be so :

His means of death, his obscure burial,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 't were from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.

King.

So you shall ;

And where the offence is, let the great axe fall.

I pray you, go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter HORATIO and a Servant.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me ?

Serv. Sailors, sir : they say, they have letters
for you.

Hor. Let them come in.— [*Exit Servant.*]

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 *Sail.* God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1 *Sail.* He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir: it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England,—if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*Reads.*] 'Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour. In the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell. He that thou knowest thine,

HAMLET.'

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter KING and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance
seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears:—but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirred up.

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinewed,
And yet to me they are strong. The queen, his
mother,

Lives almost by his looks ; and for myself,—
My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,—
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him ;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to
stone,

Convert his gyves to graces ; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timbered for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aimed them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost ;
A sister driven into desperate terms,—
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections.—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that , you must
not think

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear
more :

*I loved your father, and we love ourself ;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—*

Enter a Messenger.

How now ! what news ?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.
This to your majesty ; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet ! who brought them ?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say ; I saw them
not :

They were given me by Olausio, he received them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.—
Leave us. *[Exit Messenger.]*

[Reads.] 'High and mighty,—you shall know, I
am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I
beg leave to see your kingly eyes ; when I shall,
first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the
occasions of my sudden and more strange return.

HAMLET.'

What should this mean ? Are all the rest come
back ?

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing ?

Laer. Know you the hand ?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked,'—
And, in a postscript here, he says, 'alone.'
Can you advise me ?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him
come :

It warms the very sickness in my heart.

That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
'Thus diddest thou.'

King. If it be so, Laertes,—
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be ruled by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord ;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now
returned,—

As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall ;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be ruled ;
The rather, if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talked of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine : your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him
As did that one ; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too ; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.—Two months
since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have seen myself, and served against, the French,
And they can well on horseback ; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in 't ; he grew unto his seat ;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorpsed and demi-natured
With the brave beast : so far he topped my thought
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer.

A Norman, was 't ?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King.

The very same.

Laer. I know him well : he is the brooch,
indeed,

And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you ;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 't would be a sight indeed

If one could match you : the scrimers of their
nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposed them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord ?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you ?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart ?

Laer. Why ask you this ?

King. Not that I think you did not love your
father ;

But that I know love is begun by time ;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it ;
And nothing is at a like goodness still ;
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
Dies in his own too-much. That we would do,
We should do when we would ; for this 'would'
changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents :

And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift's sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the
ulcer :

Hamlet comes back : what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed,
More than in words ?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarise ;

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good
Laertes,

Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet, returned, shall know you are come home :
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you ; bring you, in fine,
together,

And wager on your heads : he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils ; so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer.

I will do't ;

And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
*I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it.*

Where it draws blood, no cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratched withal : I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this ;
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,

'T were better not assayed : therefore, this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold
If this should blast in proof. Soft,—let me see :—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning,—
I ha't :

When in your motion you are hot and dry,—
As make your bouts more violent to that end,—
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared him
A chalice for the nonce ; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck
Our purpose may hold there. But stay ! what
noise ?

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen ?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow.—Your sister's drowned, I hear

Laer. Drowned !—O, where ?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream ;
There with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call
them :

There, on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread
wide,

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up ;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element : but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then, is she drowned !

Queen. Drowned, drowned.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor
Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears : but yet
It is our trick ; nature her custom holds.

Let shame say what it will : when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord !
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts it. [Exit.

King. Let's follow. Gertrude.
How much I had to do to calm his rage !
Now fear I, this will give it start again ;
Therefore let's follow. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Churchyard.

Enter two Clowns, with spades and mattocks.

1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial,
that wilfully seeks her own salvation ?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee, she is ; and therefore make
her grave straight : the crowner hath sat on her,
and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned
herself in her own defence ?

2 *Clo.* Why, 't is found so.

1 *Clo.* It must be so offendendo ; it cannot be
else. For here lies the point : if I drown myself
wittingly, it argues an act : and an act hath three

branches ; it is, to act, to do, and to perform : argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.—

1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water ; good : here stands the man ; good : if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is will he nill he, he goes ; mark you that : but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself : argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law ?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry, is 't, crowner's quest-law.

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't ? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st ; and the more pity, that great folk shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even-Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers ; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman ?

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen ? How dost thou understand the Scripture ? The Scripture says, Adam digged : could he dig without arms ? Y

put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame out-lives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker: the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a
soup of liquor. [Exit 2 Clowns.]

1 Clown digs, and sings.

In youth, when I did love, did love,

Methought it was very sweet :

To contract, O, the time, for-a my behove,

O, methought, there was nothing-a meet.

Ham. Hath this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making ?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'T is e'en so : the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 Clo. *But age, with his stealing steps, [Sings.*

Hath claw'd me in his clutch,

And hath shippéd me into the land,

As if I had never been such.

[Throws up a skull.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once : how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder ! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-offices, one that would circumvent God, might it not ?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say, ' Good morrow, sweet lord ! How dost thou, good lord ? ' This might be my Lord Such-a-one, that praised my

Lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so, and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on 't.

1 Clo. *A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade, [Sings.*

For and a shrouding sheet :

O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet.

[Throws up another skull.

Ham. There's another : why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quilletts, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries : is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers *rough* him no more of his purchases, and double *ones* too, than the length and breadth of a pair of

indentures ! The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more ? ha !

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow.—
Whose grave 's this, sir ?

1 Clo. Mine, sir.—

[*Sings.*

O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed ; for thou liest in 't.

1 Clo. You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours ; for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't and say it is thine : 't is for the dead, not for the quick ; therefore, thou liest.

1 Clo. 'T is a quick lie, sir ; 't will away again from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for ?

1 Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then ?

1 Clo. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't ?

1 *Clo.* One that was a woman, sir ; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is ! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I have taken note of it ; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker ?

1 *Clo.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since ?

1 *Clo.* Cannot you tell that ? every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was born ; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry ; why was he sent into England ?

1 *Clo.* Why, because a was mad : a shall recover his wits there ; or, if a do not, 't is no great matter there.

Ham. Why ?

1 *Clo.* 'T will not be seen in him there ; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad ?

1 *Clo.* Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely ?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 *Clo.* Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' th' earth ere he rot?

1 *Clo.* I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die,—as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in—he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 *Clo.* Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while: and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1 *Clo.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 *Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, this same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

1 *Clo.* E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick !—I knew him, Horatio : a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy : he hath borne me on his back a thousand times ; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is ! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your songs ? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar ? Not one now, to mock your own grinning ? quite chap-fallen ? Now, get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come ; make her laugh at that.—Prythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord ?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander looked o' this fashion i' th' earth ?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so ? pah ! [*Puts down the skull.*]

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio ! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole ?

Hor. 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot ; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead

it : as thus : Alexander died, Alexander was buried,
Alexander returneth into dust ; the dust is earth ;
of earth we make loam ; and why of that loam
whereto he was converted might they not stop a
beer-barrel ?

Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away :
O ! that that earth which kept the world in
awe

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw !
But soft, but soft ! aside :—here comes the king,

*Enter Priests, &c., in procession ; the Corps of
OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following ;
KING, QUEEN, their Trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers. Who is that they
follow,

And with such maiméd rites ? This doth betoken,
The corse they follow did with desperate
hand

Fordo its own life ; 't was of some estate.

Couch we awhile, and mark.

[Retiring with HORATIO.

Laer. What ceremony else ?

Ham.

That is Laertes,

A very noble youth : mark.

Laer. What ceremony else ?

Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarged

As we have warrantise : her death was doubtful ;
And, but that great command o'ersways the
order,

She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet ; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on
her :

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done ?

Priest. No more be done :
We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' th' earth ;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring !—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia !

Queen. Sweets to the sweet : farewell.

[Scattering flowers.]

I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's
wife :

I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet
maid,

And not have strewed thy grave.

Laer.

O, treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that curséd head

Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense

Deprived thee of !—Hold off the earth awhile,

Till I have caught her once more in mine arms :

[Leaps into the grave.]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,

Till of this flat a mountain you have made

To o'er-top old Pelion or the skyish head

Of blue Olympus.

Ham. *[Advancing.]* What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis ? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them
stand,

Like wonder-wounded hearers ? This is I,

Hamlet the Dane.

[Leaps into the grave.]

Laer.

The devil take thy soul !

[Grappling with him.]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I pry'thee, take thy fingers from my throat ;

For though I am not splenitive and rash

Yet have I something in me dangerous,

Which let thy wisdom fear. Away thy hand !

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen.

Hamlet! Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor.

Good my lord, be quiet.

[The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme

Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son, what theme?

Ham. I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Swounds! show me what thou 'lt do:
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear
thyself?

Woo't drink up Esill? eat a crocodile?

I 'll do 't.—Dost thou come here to whine,

To outface me with leaping in her grave,

Be buried quick with her, and so will I:

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us, till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,

I 'll rant as well as thou.

Queen.

This is mere madness:

And thus awhile the fit will work on him ;
Anon, as patient as the female dove
When that her golden couplet are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir :
What is the reason that you use me thus !
I loved you ever : but it is no matter ;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

[*Exit*

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon
him.— [Exit HORATIO.

[*To LAERTES.*] Strengthen your patience in our
last night's speech ;

We 'll put the matter to the present push.—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
This grave shall have a living monument :
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see ;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir : now shall you see
the other ;—
You do remember all the circumstance !

Hor. Remember it, my lord !

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting

That would not let me sleep : methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,—
And praised be rashness for it : let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our dear plots do pall ; and that should
teach us,

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.—

Hor.

That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,

My sea-gown scarfed about me, in the dark
Groped I to find out them ; had my desire ;
Fingered their packet ; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again : making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission ; where I found, Horatio,—
O royal knavery !—an exact command,—
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho, such bugs and goblins in my life,—

That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,

*No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.*

Hor.

Is't possible !

Ham. Here's the commission : read it at more
leisure.

But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed ?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with vil-
lainies,—

Ere I could make a prologue to my brains
They had begun the play,—I sat me down,
Devised a new commission ; wrote it fair :
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and laboured much
How to forget that learning ; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service :—wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote ?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary ;
As love between them as the palm should flourish ;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear ;
And stand a comma 'tween their amities ;
And many such-like 'as's' of great charge,—
That, on the view and know of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allowed.

Hor. How was this sealed ?

Ham. Why, even in that was Heaven ordinaunt

I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal ;
Folded the writ up in form of the other ;
Subscribed it ; gave 't the impression ; placed it
safely,

The changeling never known. Now, the next
day

Was our sea-fight ; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go
to 't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this
employment ;

They are not near my conscience ; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow.

'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass, and fell-incensèd points,
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this !

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now
upon—

He that hath kill'd my king, and whored my
mother ;

*Popp'd in between the election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—is't not perfect con-
science*

To quit him with this arm ! and is't not to be
damned

To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil ?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from
England

What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short : the interim is mine ;
And a man's life no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself ;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his : I'll court his favours :
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put
me

Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here !

Enter OSRICK.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to
Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know
this water-fly ?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious ; for 't is a
vice to know him. He hath much land, and fer-
tile : let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall

stand at the king's mess : 't is a chough ; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Your bonnet to his right use ; 't is for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 't is very cold ; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry, and hot for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord ; it is very sultry,—as 't were,—I cannot tell how.—But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head : sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[HAMLET moves him to put on his hat.]

Osr. Nay, in good faith ; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes ; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great *showing* : indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would
see

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you : though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article ; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir ? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath ?

Osr. Sir ?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue ? You will to't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman ?

Osr. Of Laertes ?

Hor. His purse is empty already ; all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would you did, sir ; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is—

Ham. I dare not confess that. lest I should

compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this 'imponed,' as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a down

passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and that would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can: if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [*Exit OSRICK.*—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he, and many more of the same bevy, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter. a kind of yesty collection which

carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions ; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osrick, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall : he sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes ; they follow the king's pleasure : if his fitness speaks, mine is ready ; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king and queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [Exit Lord.]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so : since he went into France I have been in continual practice ; I shall win at the odds. Thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart ; but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery ; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike anything, obey it : I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury : there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come ; if it be not to come, it will be now ; if it be not now, yet it will come : the readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes ? Let be.

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRICK, and Attendants with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[The KING puts the hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET.]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir : I've done you wrong ;

But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows,

And you must needs have heard, how I am punished

With sore distraction. What I have done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness

Was't Hamlet wronged Laertes? Never Hamlet :
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not ; Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then ? His madness. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged ;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge : but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungored. But till that time,
I do receive your offered love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely ;
And will this brother's wager frankly play. —
Give us the foils.—Come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes : in mine ignor-

Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osrick.—
Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord ;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it : I have seen you both ;
But since he's bettered, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy ; let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all
a length ! [*They prepare to play.*]

Os. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that
table—

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire :
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath ;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the
cups ;

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,

The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
'Now the king drinks to Hamlet!'—Come,

begin ;—

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*]

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Oer. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well :—again.

King. Stay ; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl
is thine ;

Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within.*]

Ham. I'll play this bout first : set it by a while.

Come.—[*They play.*] Another hit ; what say you !

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.—

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows :

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam !

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord : I pray you, pardon me.

King. [*Aside.*] It is the poisoned cup : it is too
late.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam ; by-and-by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. [*Aside.*] And yet it is almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes. You but dally :

I pray you, pass with your best violence.

I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so ? come on. [*They play.*

Os. Nothing, neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*LAERTES wounds HAMLET ; then, in scuffling they change rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.*

King. Part them ! they are incensed.

Ham. Nay, come again. [*The QUEEN falls.*

Os. Look to the queen there, ho !

Hor. They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord ?

Os. How is 't, Laertes ?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe,
Osrick ;

I am justly killed with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen ?

King. She swoonds to see them bleed

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!

The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. [*Dies.*]

Ham. O villainy!—Ho, let the door be lock'd!
Treachery! seek it out. [*LAERTES falls.*]

Laer. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good:
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenomed. The foul practice
Hath turned itself on me: lo! here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poisoned.
I can no more. The king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point envenomed too!

Then, venom, to thy work! [*Stabs the KING.*]

All. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,

Drink off this potion:—is thy union here?

Follow my mother. [*KING dies.*]

Laer. He is justly served;

It is a poison tempered by himself.—

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet;

*Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me!* [*Dies.*]

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it ! I follow thee.—

I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu !—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time,—as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest,—O ! I could tell you,—
But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead ;
Thou liv'st : report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it :
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane ;
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup : let go ; by Heaven I'll have
it.—

O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind
me !

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in
pain

To tell my story. [*March afar off, and shot within.*

What warlike noise is this ?

Cor. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from
Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio ;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit :
I cannot live to hear the news from England ;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras : he has my dying voice ;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart.—Good night,
sweet prince ;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest !—
Why does the drum come hither ? [*March within.*

*Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and
others.*

For. Where is this sight ?

Hor. What is it ye would see ?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

For. This quarry cries on havoc.—O proud
death !

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck ?

1 Amb. The sight is dismal,
And our affairs from England come too late :
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing.

To tell him his commandment is fulfilled,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor.

Not from his mouth,

Had it the ability of life to thank you :
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placéd to the view ;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about : so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forced cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fallen on the inventors' heads : all this can I
Truly deliver.

For.

Let us haste to hear it,

And call the noblest to the audience.

For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune :
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor.

Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on
more :

But let this same be presently performed.

Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mis-
chance,

On plots and errors, happen.

For.

Let four captains

Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage ;

For he was likely, had he been put on,

To have proved most royally : and for his passage,

The soldiers' music, and the rites of war

Speak loudly for him.

Take up the bodies :—such a sight as this

Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

*[Exeunt, bearing off the bodies ; after which,
a peal of ordnance is shot off.]*

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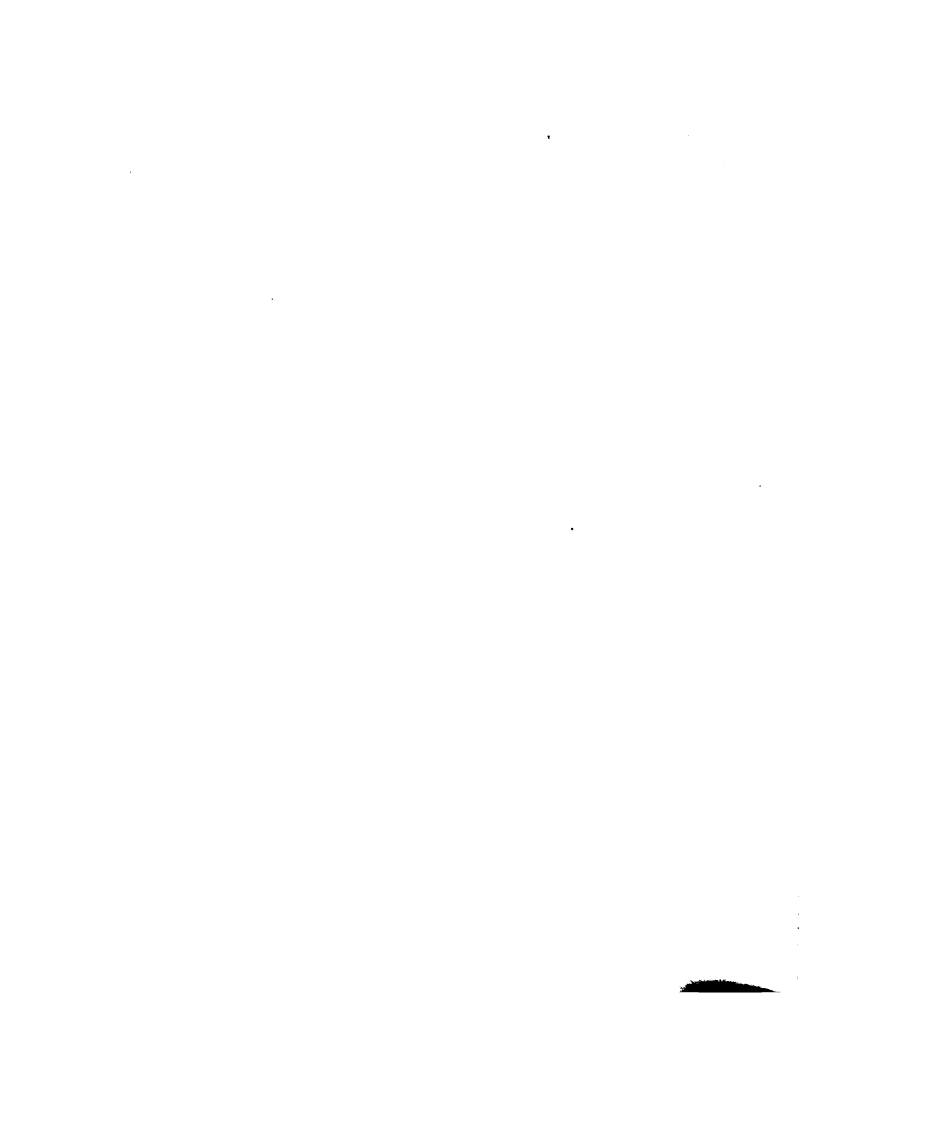
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